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SHAKESPEARE  
IN TWENTY VOLUMES

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THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV  
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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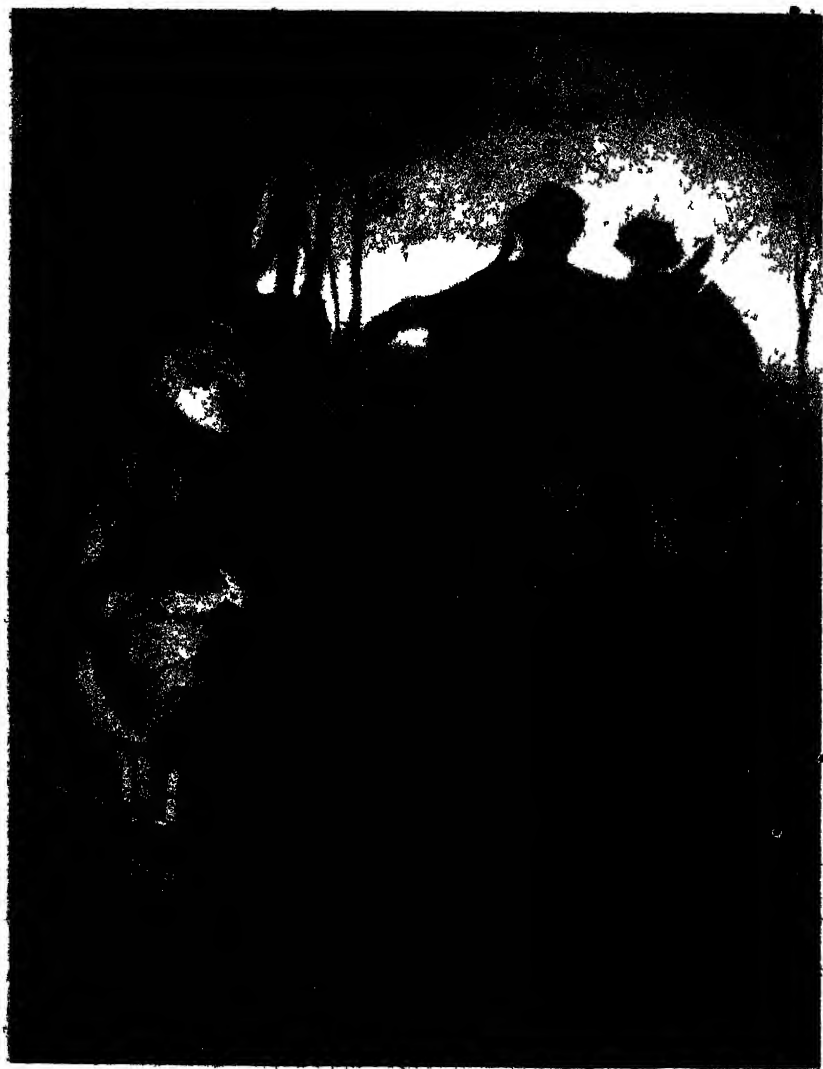
*VOLUME XII*

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in Volume XX.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.

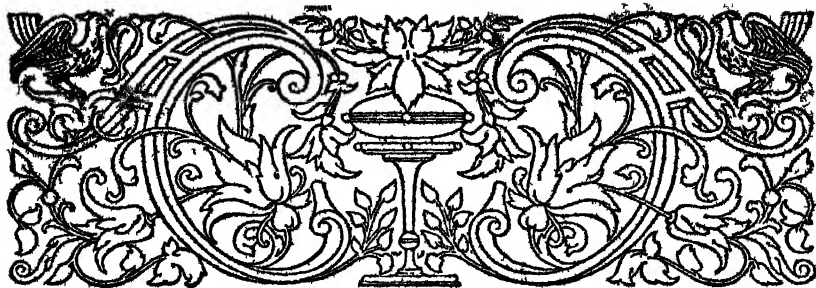












**THE CAXTON EDITION OF  
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

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VOLUME XII

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THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV  
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV



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**THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY IV**



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## INTRODUCTION



ONE of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the 'First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth.' Perhaps no Author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depend upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and except one or two sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters are diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment and the profoundest skill in the nature of man."

Thus far, Dr. Johnson, the most sensible though not the most painstaking of the old-fashioned Shakespearean commentators. The criticism, such as it is, covers the ground, though it does not essay to dig deeply into it.

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What was doubtless true in 1764 probably remains true in 1904, "None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the 'First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth.'" We still retain as a people enough of our feelings and our character to relish the histories of our country as narrated to us by Shakespeare, but we need to be reminded by Landor<sup>1</sup> that it is only a people who do retain their feelings and their character that can relish Shakespeare's historical dramas in perfection. "Perhaps no Author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight." "By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad." Whatever else may be questionable, so much at least is certain. But who is the great breeder of this delight, the father of this infinite merri-ment? Wherein do we rejoice greatly? It is not when we read of the "sad bloody hour" spent at Holmedon, nor of the day of Shrewsbury fight when the South Wind, by "his hollow whispering in the leaves," foretold the tempest. The "great events" may be interesting, having dependent upon them "the fate of kingdoms"; but these are not the things that have made these two plays the very lodestars of humour, wit, and social eloquence. Of course they are not. The thing that has done this is as plain as the road between London and St. Albans. There are, it may be, secrets still hidden in the plays of Shakespeare as there are said to be in Holy Writ, but the fat knight is not one of them. No need to drag him from behind the arras, where he lies fast asleep, snorting like a horse. We all have known him, have delighted in him—have even loved him, the scandalous old man,

<sup>1</sup> "Imaginary Conversations," "Milton and Andrew Marvell."

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from the days of our most innocent youth till now when, like him, we are old — “the more’s the pity.”

From the supreme moment, one of the greatest in the history of the English mind, when the second scene of the First Act of the “First Part of Henry the Fourth” first opened and disclosed to the eyes of a London audience “a room in the King’s palace,” “Enter Henry, Prince of Wales and Falstaff,” it has been found in vain to contend with this “power behind the throne,” or to dispute the dominancy over both mind and imagination of this wicked old man. As it was in 1598, so it is to-day. The world has grown bigger and older — but it matters not. However big the world may be, Falstaff’s wit can overflow it, and however old it may grow, Sir John himself, though “blasted with antiquity,” is still young.

“Well, I cannot last ever, but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.”

Some good things cannot be made too common, though we have still the trick Sir John complained of, and Falstaff’s wit is as fresh as ever. There can be no rest for him — he must go on making men laugh till the last syllable of recorded time. “Why, Hal, ’t is my vocation, Hal; ’t is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.”

Literature is full of paradoxes. Falstaff (as is indeed

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befitting) is the biggest of them. Never was Author less of an Author than Shakespeare, the greatest of Authors. Although he has peopled a whole world for us, and created more characters than any other, he never, as Hazlitt well said, "committed himself" to any of them. He does not fall in love with his own creatures, after a lamentably prevalent fashion, and keep sticking in a word here and a word there in order to misdirect the reader's judgment, and secure a verdict against the evidence. Shakespeare was incapable of such egotistical folly. He has no prejudices — Hazlitt once more — "for or against his characters." There they are — you may listen to them, see what they do, and hear what others who knew them say about them. He lets you off nothing, and extenuates naught. If you love Falstaff, and are angry with the old lord of the Council who rated him in the street, or with the Lord Chief Justice who sent him to the Fleet Prison, and, most of all, with his sweet Hal, "King Hal — my royal Hal," for cutting him so severely in a public place near Westminster Abbey, you have only yourself to blame; and if you should ever repent (which is most unlikely), you cannot call Shakespeare "the villainous abominable misleader" of your youth, for has he not put those very words in Prince Henry's mouth and applied them to "that old white-bearded Satan," Falstaff himself?

The paradox is this — how comes it about that the character of Falstaff is even tolerable to us? "Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein

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cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?" Which of us will undertake to answer this catechism? "But, sirrah, there is no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine." Can any one of us reply there was? No generous action or thought is ever attributed to Falstaff from first to last. He wins affection, it is true, but Shakespeare, at all events, gives us no hint that he ever showed any. His corruption was as deep as the pit of hell, and his heartlessness is displayed with a hand that never flinches. Falstaff's recruiting is hardly a merry tale.

"*Prince.* But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?"

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men."

The poor devils met their fate in the fight near Shrewsbury.

"*Fal.* I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life."

The incident of the boy the Prince gave Falstaff is a fine example of the method of Shakespeare's stern judgment upon men's cruelty and indifference. What a mercy it is no one can cast it in Shakespeare's teeth that he was a Puritan or had a conscience of any particular brand!

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*" Poins.* Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

*Prince.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and see if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* 'Save your grace.

*Prince.* And yours, most noble Bardolph.

*Bard. [to the page].* Come, you pernicious ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He called me, even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through."

Here we have this unfortunate boy trying his 'prentice hand upon that well-worn jest in the infamous company he was now keeping, Bardolph's red face. He labours the thing just as a boy would, and is too obviously doing his best.

*" Prince.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard. [to the page].* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*Prince.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

*Prince.* A crown's worth of good interpretation. There it is, boy.

*[Gives him money.]*

*Poins.* Oh, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged."

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The boy was reserved for a better fate than Bardolph predicted: he was killed at Agincourt by some French runaways, "expressly against the law of arms"; but none the less it was a bad jest for him when the "mad Prince" gave him to Falstaff.

The question whether Sir John was a coward in grain or only in instinct is hardly worth debating, since the presence of physical courage in such a character as his would lend it nothing of attractiveness. The hacking of his sword after the Gadshill affair is a thing hard to disguise in humour, whilst the stabbing in the thigh of the dead Hotspur—"Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me [*takes Hotspur on his back*]"—is as blackguardly an action as was ever recorded in the annals of shame. His lies—we know what they were! "like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable." As for his speech—who dare make a collection of his base comparisons, his unsavoury similes? No one but an eighteenth-century commentator would ever think of seeking to unravel the hidden meanings and vile allusions of his vocabulary. Falstaff's "Kiss me, Doll," followed by his cry "I am old, I am old," together with other touches in the same scene, might well stand for the last words of disgust and horror. Then we call to mind his deathbed, crying out "God, God, God" three or four times, with Mistress Quickly by his side to give him ghostly comfort: "a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." Other details are supplied us, but there is no need to mention



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what no one can forget, — Shakespeare cannot be accused of handling Falstaff tenderly as if he loved him.

We are not a nation of moralists. Hypocrisy is our besetting sin. What, I wonder, would Pascal have had to say about Falstaff? He was severe with Montaigne: "*Il est plein de mots sales et déshonnêtes.*" But we have no Pascals. Johnson, who is our great moralist, is but half-hearted in his censure, which reads like the language addressed by a judge who is himself a free-liver to an unlucky prisoner — something, that is, that has to be said. The good doctor is annoyed with the Chief Justice for sending Sir John to prison at the end of the First Part. He is quite disposed to sue out a *Habeas Corpus*. "I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the King: he has committed no new fault and therefore incurred no punishment." And in another place Johnson bids us remember that Falstaff's character is "stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth." On the whole, I am inclined to call this the "backing of your friends."

Foreign judgment is harsher, and Victor Hugo dubs Sir John *centaure du porc*, "Swine Centaur," and thereby for once exposed himself to meet the brunt of Mr. Swinburne's spear. Mr. Swinburne will not hear of so base a comparison, and seeks to pull Falstaff out of the sty, albeit the glorified sty, of a *centaure du porc*, by dwelling upon the words of Mistress Quickly in "King Henry V": "By my troth, he will yield the crow a pudding one of

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these days — *the King has killed his heart!*” Here, exclaims Mr. Swinburne, with generous effusiveness, “here is the point in Falstaff so strangely overlooked by the man of all men who we should have said must be the first to seize and to appreciate it. It is as grievous as it is inexplicable that the Shakespeare of France — the most infinite in compassion, ‘in conscience and tender heart’ of all great poets and all nations of the world — should have missed the deep tenderness of this supreme and subtlest touch in the work of the greatest among his fellows.” In a word or two, we are asked to believe that Falstaff so loved Prince Hal that when dismissed his presence, he died of a broken heart; and the wonder is Victor Hugo did not see it all plainly revealed in half a line of Dame Quickly’s. Shakespeare uses the word “heart” more than sixty times in the two parts of “King Henry IV” and “King Henry V,” and in many different senses. “Well, I’ll repent, and that suddenly,” says Falstaff in the First Part, “while I am in some liking. I shall be out of heart shortly and then I shall have no strength to repent.” In this context “heart” must mean *breath*, and in Dame Quickly’s lips it probably meant *courage* or *spirits*. Valiant as is Mr. Swinburne’s effort, I doubt whether it has convinced anybody. Falstaff was too intellectual a being, too supreme a wit, too lively an intelligence, to be so overdone with love for one, who beside him was but a raw boy, as to die of wounded affection. Whatever else “plump Jack” was, he was not a sentimentalist.

But the paradox remains. It survives the most mi-

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nute study of the text of Shakespeare, as of course Shakespeare, though no party to our weakness, no participator in our moral obliquity, always meant it should. Love Falstaff we somehow must. In a sense and a very real sense his is a terrible character. That such a man should be "after the passion of a thousand years" so old and so profane is a thing not to be got over lightly, as Hazlitt would see us over it. Shakespeare did not mean his passages of horror to be struck out of the text. There those passages are, and there they must remain, "burning, burning."

But this sense is not the prevailing sense, or Falstaff would not be what he is to the English-speaking race, — a rich estate to be enjoyed by them and their heirs for ever. By the exercise, on the most prodigious scale, of sheer mother-wit and inventiveness, Shakespeare has bodily lifted this, marvellous creature of his fancy, "this ton of a man," up and above the essential corruption of his character into an atmosphere of humour, clear and buoyant, the like of which was never experienced before, where every healthy being, unless he be one of those whom no man can make laugh, can breathe with freedom and joy. With such a gale of wind blowing from off the sea, who need think of drains or cesspools!

Falstaff's wit carries all before it. It is no pothouse merriment — no matter to amuse a Prince. It is the best wit in the world. This gives it a dignity which reacts upon Sir John himself. The Prince has a ready wit, but when he engages Falstaff in single combat, he cuts but a poor figure and goes limping off the field.

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His companions had at least the sense to know Falstaff to be irresistible. In the scene where Prince Henry and Poins are disguised like drawers and wait upon Falstaff at Dame Quickly's, Poins urges the Prince to press it home upon the knight: "My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment if you take not the heat." The Prince remembered this advice later on, when having come into his own, and taken it upon himself, very properly no doubt, to dismiss Falstaff from his presence, he somewhat unluckily found himself once more referring to his old companion's girth:—

"Know, the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men."

Then hastily adds, for he saw a twinkle in the old man's eye and knew himself undone were Falstaff but allowed to speak:—

"Reply not to me with a fool-born jest!"

Heavens, what would one not give for the jest that then trembled on Falstaff's tongue!

• The Chief Justice was a learned man, well deserving his high place, but we should scan his best considered judgments in vain for traces of that admirable style which was bred in him by contact with Falstaff. The speech beginning "Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth that are written down old with all characters of Age?" is good proof how in another sense than Falstaff used the words "he was the cause that wit is in other men."

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There is nothing homely about Falstaff's wit, ready as lightning though it always was. The language which conveys it is perfect of its kind. Even in abuse, his choice of epithets is far above the Prince's. His eloquence is beyond all comparison, his satire biting, whilst his happiness of composition, his trick of language, is sweeter than the honey of Hybla. By the side of Falstaff's intelligence and felicity of expression, the other characters, great as some of them are, show small. Hotspur handles Glendower well enough, but what "hardiment" would not Falstaff have exchanged with the Welshman could he but have met him face to face! As it is, we have a description : —

"And he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him ?

*Poins.* O, Glendower."

Sir John is only once introduced to us as being both in good company and of it. He is with the King, the Prince of Wales, John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, and Sir Walter Blunt. He comports himself well, and when Lord Worcester enters and protests to the King that he had not sought rebellion, and the King retorts : —

"You have not sought it ! how comes it then ? "

Sir John sarcastically observes : —

"Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

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The remark reminds one a little of the glorious Bastard, who stands for England in the play of "King John."

What a critic he was of men we may judge from the great speech in which he declares he can see the bottom of Justice Shallow. How would Carlyle have got through life or written "Sartor Resartus" without the lines so often at the end of his pen: "When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife."

At times there is a certain melancholy about Falstaff's utterances which is perhaps his only sign of grace. It is elusive, and escapes quotation marks, but it is there. He is no mere fat knight, wine-stained, with nothing in his pocket but "tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy" to make him long-winded. He is the wittiest man that ever lived!

- A. BIRRELL.



**THE FIRST PART OF  
KING HENRY IV**



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, }  
JOHN of Lancaster, } sons to the King.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two  
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *England and Wales*

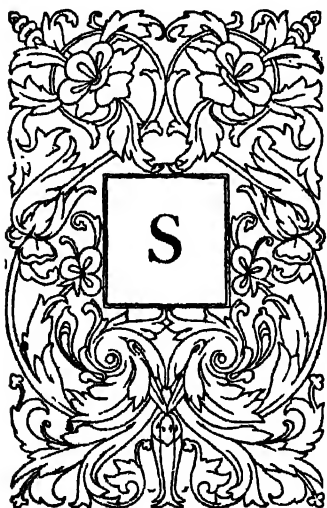
<sup>1</sup> This piece was first printed in 1598 in a quarto volume which was reprinted five times — in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1622 — before it was included in the First Folio of 1623. The First Folio follows a corrected copy of the Fifth Quarto (of 1613). Acts and scenes are given in the First Folio, but in none of the Quartos. Rowe first supplied a list of the “dramatis personæ” and the “Scene.”



ACT ONE — SCENE I — LONDON  
*THE PALACE*

*Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN of LANCASTER, the EARL of WEST-MORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others*

KING



O SHAKEN AS WE ARE,  
 so wan with care,  
 Find we a time for frightened  
 peace to pant,  
 And breathe short-winded ac-  
 cents of new broils  
 To be commenced in stronds  
 afar remote.  
 No more the thirsty entrance of  
 this soil  
 Shall daub her lips with her own  
 children's blood ;  
 No more shall trenching war  
 channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
 Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,

2-4. *Find we . . . remote*] Let us allow (domestic) peace, scared by our civil strifes, time to recover breath, and speak in quick and broken

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery,  
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,  
 March all one way, and be no more opposed  
 Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20  
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;  
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb  
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd

accents of new wars, to be undertaken abroad. The speaker takes up, without chronological interruption, his words at the close of the preceding play of *Richard II*, where he had promised to lead a crusade to the Holy Land.

4 *stronds*] strands, shores. The word is similarly spelt by the First Folio in 2 *Hen. IV*, I, i, 62.

5-6 *the thirsty entrance . . . blood*] "Entrance" here is used in the sense of "mouth." The figure is drawn from the Bible—*Genesis*, iv, 11—where Cain is warned that "*the earth . . . hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood.*"

9 *those opposed eyes*] the eyes of hostile factions or forces; used of the forces themselves.

13 *close*] hand-to-hand grapple.

14 *mutual well-beseeming*] united (by common sentiment) and fitly equipped.

For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose now is twelve month old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:  
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

30

WEST. My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the charge set down  
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;  
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,

30 *Therefore we meet not now*] This is not the object of our present meeting.

33 *this dear expedience*] this important expedition or enterprise.

34 *hot in question*] hotly or vehemently discussed.

35 *limits of the charge*] definite arrangements of the undertaking.

38 *the noble Mortimer*] Mortimer, the Herefordshire magnate, who was defeated and taken prisoner by Glendower, 22 June, 1402, and then married his captor's daughter, was Sir Edmund Mortimer, a brother of Roger Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, and of Lady Percy, Hotspur's wife. Holinshed confuses this warrior with his nephew, Edmund Mortimer, fifth Earl of March, who claimed to be rightful heir to Richard II's throne. Shakespeare greatly complicates Holinshed's error. Shakespeare at times identifies Glendower's prisoner and son-in-law with his elder brother, the fourth Earl of March, who was proclaimed heir to the crown by Richard II early in his reign but predeceased that king, leaving his claim to his son, Sir Edmund Mortimer's nephew, the fifth Earl. Cf. I, iii, 145, *seq.*, and IV, iii, 93, *infra*. Elsewhere Shakespeare, not content with making Glendower's captive brother of Hotspur's wife (I, iii, 80, 142, and II, iii, 78), which is correct, describes him in another place as Lady Hotspur's nephew (III, i, 196).

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
 A thousand of his people butchered ;  
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 Without much shame retold or spoken of.

KING. It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

WEST. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord ;  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news 50  
 Came from the north and thus it did import :  
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met,  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;  
 For he that brought them, in the very heat

43 *corpse*] used for the plural "corpses." Cf. *Macb.*, V, i, 24, where the  
 Folios read: "Ay but their *sense* are shut."

50 *more uneven*] rougher, more troublesome.

52 *Holy-rood day*] September 14.

53 *brave Archibald*] Archibald Douglas, the fourth Earl of Douglas.

56 *their artillery*] Holinshed makes it plain that only arrows ("the incessant shot of arrows") were used in the battle.

57-58 *the news was . . . brought them*] Shakespeare used *news* indifferently as a singular and a plural word. Here it in the first line governs the verb in the singular and in the second line is mentioned as *them*.

And pride of their contention did take horse, 60  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

KING. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took 70  
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :  
And is not this an honourable spoil ?  
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

WEST. In faith,  
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

KING. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me  
sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80  
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;

69 *Balk'd*] Heaped up; arranged in balks or ridges.

71-72 *Mordake . . . beaten Douglas*] Shakespeare on this point misread  
Holinshed. Murdock or Murdoch, Earl of Fife and *Menteith* (line 73)  
was eldest son of the Duke of Albany, governor or regent of Scotland;  
he was not related to "beaten Douglas."

73 *and Menteith*] a subsidiary title of the Earl of Fife, who is mentioned in  
line 71, *supra*. Shakespeare errs in making the Earl of Fife and  
Menteith two persons.

Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90  
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,  
Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,  
To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

WEST. This is his uncle's teaching ; this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects ;  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

KING. But I have sent for him to answer this ; 100  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor ; so inform the lords :  
But come yourself with speed to us again ;

83 *minion*] pet, favourite. Cf. I, ii, 25, *infra*.

97 *in all aspects*] an astrological term. Worcester is likened to a malignant star, all of whose "aspects" or positions in the heavens exert evil influence on King Henry's fortune.

98 *prune himself*] The figure is of a cock who manifests his proud self-sufficient temper by pruning or preening his feathers, *i. e.*, picking off the loose "feathers" and smoothing the rest.

For more is to be said and to be done  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

WEST. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II—LONDON

## AN APARTMENT OF THE PRINCE'S

*Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF*

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why<sup>10</sup> thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we

107 *out of anger*] when angry passions are roused.

2 *fat-witted*] dull-witted. Cf. *Hen. V*, III, vii, 130, "*fat-brained*."

3 *old sack*] See line 109, *infra*, and note.

4-5 *forgotten . . . truly know*] Falstaff's error apparently consists in asking the time of *day* at night-time.

8 *leaping-houses*] brothels.

9-10 *flame-coloured taffeta*] See *Tw. Night*, I, iii, 127: "a *flame-coloured* stock." "Taffeta" was a light and lustrous silken material.



that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wandering knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, — majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

PRINCE. What, none?

FAL. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

20

PRINCE. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

13 *the seven stars*] the Pleiades.

14 *Phœbus . . . so fair.*] Phœbus, *i. e.*, the sun, suggests the mention of "the Knight of the Sun," the hero of a popular Spanish romance, *El Donzel del Febo*, which was familiar in English translations.

21 *roundly*] directly, without evasion.

22-24 *let not us . . . day's beauty*] The general sense is that we who ply a (dishonest) trade by night have no wish to be called thieves in daytime. There is some characteristic quibbling on "night" and "knight." An attendant on a knight was entitled an "esquire" or a "squire of his body." "The day's beauty" is a mere periphrasis for "day," a fantastic counterpart of "night's body."

24 *Diana's foresters*] Diana was Goddess both of the moon and of the chase.

25 *minions*] Cf. I, i, 83, *supra*.

26 *good government*] good conduct.

PRINCE. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too ; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb 30 and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing "Lay by" and spent with crying "Bring in ;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench ?

PRINCE. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the 40 castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance ?

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag ! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities ? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin ?

34 "*Lay by*" ] A nautical term. The meaning is here "Stand close" (cf. II, ii, 72 and 93, *infra*), the highwaymen's word of private warning among themselves to prepare for attack on a passer-by.

35, "*Bring in*" ] sc. drink.

40 *Hybla*] A town in Sicily celebrated by classical poets for the sweetness of its honey. Cf. *Jul. Caes.*, V, i, 34: "the *Hybla* bees."

40-41 "*my old lad of the castle*] a punning allusion to the name of Sir John Oldcastle, which Shakespeare bestowed on Falstaff in the first draft of the piece. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, Epilogue, 29-30: "for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and this is not the man."

41-42 "*a buff jerkin . . . durance*] Sheriff's officers were dressed in buff, and "durance" means both "imprisonment" and a coarse cloth well known for its durability.

44 "*quips and . . . quiddities*] jesting repartees and subtle quibbles.

PRINCE. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

PRINCE. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? 50

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a 60 thief.

PRINCE. No; thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

PRINCE. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

---

58 *resolution thus fobbed*] boldness or courage thus foiled or deluded.

59 *antic*] buffoon. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, ii, 162: "Death . . . the *antic* sits."

PRINCE. For obtaining of suits?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman 70  
hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy  
as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

PRINCE. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melan-  
choly of Moor-ditch?

FAL. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art  
indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young  
prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more  
with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where 80

69-71 *suits . . . wardrobe*] There is a quibble on the word "suits" in  
the double sense of petitions and clothes. The apparel of executed  
persons was the hangman's perquisite.

72 *gib cat*] tom cat.

• *lugged bear*] apparently a tame bear dragged about by showmen by  
collar and chain.

74 *Lincolnshire bagpipe*] Elizabethan writers associate bagpipes with  
Lincolnshire as frequently as modern writers associate them with  
Scotland.

75 *a hare*] The hare was invariably credited by Elizabethans with a mel-

• ancholy temperament. Cf. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Book II: "a  
melancholy hare."

76 *Moor-ditch*] A broad unsavoury morass in Finsbury, which enjoyed  
among Elizabethans a reputation for generating a very depressing  
climate.

77 *similes*] Most of the original editions read *smiles*, which the fifth  
Quarto and later Folios correct. For the textual confusion see note  
on *All's Well*, V, ii, 23.

78 *comparative*] fond of comparisons. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 832: "Full of  
*comparisons* and wounding flouts," and *infra*, II, iv, 242, and III,  
ii, 67.

a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

PRINCE. 'Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

FAL. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. 'Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew<sup>90</sup> thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

PRINCE. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FAL. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

PRINCE. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.<sup>100</sup>

FAL. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation. Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

86-87 *wisdom . . . regards it*] Cf. *Proverbs*, i, 20, 24: "*Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; . . . and no man regarded.*"

88 *damnable iteration*] an exasperating habit of repeating my words.

98 *baffle*] disgrace, degrade. Cf. *Tw. Night*, V, i, 356 (of Malvolio):

"How have they baffled thee."

*Enter POINS*

POINS! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand" to a true man.

PRINCE. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? 112

PRINCE. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil. 119

POINS. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders

103 *Gadshill*] This character's name is derived from the place so called near Rochester, which was long infested by highwaymen.

*set a match*] made an appointment for nefarious purposes; a technical term among robbers. Cf. II, ii, 49, *infra*, "*setter*."

109 *Sack and Sugar*] It was the habit of Elizabethan toppers to mix sugar with their wine. Falstaff's favourite beverage was clearly a Spanish wine resembling sherry — he calls it "*sherris-sack*," *2 Hen. IV*, IV, iii, 95 — sweetened with copious admixtures of sugar. Cf. II, iv, 454, *infra*.

riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

FAL. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 130

POINS. You will, chops?

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

FAL. Why, that's well said.

PRINCE. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

FAL. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may

---

129 *Yedward*] A colloquial form of Edward.

131 *chops*] flesh meat, "fat chops."

136 *stand for ten shillings*] play for the trifling stake of ten shillings. There is a quibble here on the word "royal," the name of a coin of ten shillings' value. For a similar pun see II, iv, 281, *infra*.

move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap. 151

PRINCE. Farewell, thou latter spring? farewell, All-hallown summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

POINS. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. 160

PRINCE. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at

152 *thou*] Pope's emendation of the original reading *the*.

*All-hallown summer*] Summer-like weather which occasionally distinguishes the season of All-hallows day, November 1. Falstaff's gaiety of heart brightens the winter of his days. The autumnal summer is also called "Saint Martin's summer." Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 98, where Falstaff is called "the *martlemas*," i. e., Martinmas, or St. Martin's summer.

156 *Bardolph, Peto*] All the early editions read *Harvey, Rossill*, names without relevance to the play. Theobald, who substituted for them *Bardolph, Peto*, suggested that "Harvey" and "Rossill" were names of actors who took those parts. Nothing seems known elsewhere of actors so named. In II, iv, 167, 169, and 173, *Ross*, i. e., Rossill, is set down in the Quartos as the speaker's name; these lines in the Folio are assigned to Gadshill. It is possible that Rossill, an insignificant "super," played more parts than one in the original production.



our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves ; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we 'll set upon them.

PRINCE. Yea, but 't is like that, they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. 170

POINS. Tut ! our horses they shall not see ; I 'll tie them in the wood ; our vizards we will change after we leave them : and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

PRINCE. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies the jest. 183

PRINCE. Well, I 'll go with thee : provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap ; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

PRINCE. I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyoked humour of your idleness :

---

169-170 *appointment*] equipment.

173 *cases*] overcoats.

182 *wards*] guards.

183 *reproof*] refutation. Cf. III, ii, 23, *infra*.

189 *unyoked*] untamed, undisciplined, licentious.

Yet herein will I imitate the sun, 190  
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
 To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That, when he please again to be himself,  
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;  
 But when they seldom come they wish'd for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. 200  
 So, when this loose behavior I throw off  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;  
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ; 209  
 Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.]

191-195 *Who doth permit . . . ugly mists*] Cf. Sonnet xxxiii, 1-2, 5-6:  
 "Full many a glorious morning have I seen Flatter the mountain-tops  
 with sovereign eye, . . . Anon permit the basest clouds to ride *With*  
*ugly rack* on his celestial face."

197-199 *If all the year . . . wish'd for come*] Cf. Sonnet lii, 5-7: "There-  
 fore are *feasts so solemn and so rare*, Since, *seldom coming*, in the long  
 year set, Like stones of worth they thinly placed are."

209 *to make offence a skill*] so as to derive advantage from obnoxious  
 conduct.

## SCENE III — LONDON

## THE PALACE

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR  
WALTER BLUNT, with others*

KING. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me, for accordingly  
You tread upon my patience : but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;  
And that same greatness to which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord, —

KING. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :  
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,

3 *found me; for*] This is the original reading. *Found me* is equivalent to  
“found me out,” i. e., discovered my easy-going tendency. Keightley  
unnecessarily proposed to read *found me so*, and to make *Accordingly*  
begin a new sentence.

5-6 *I will . . . my condition*] Henceforth I will rather be the veritable  
king (that I am), mighty and to be feared, than follow my natural  
bent or temper of mind.

And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.  
You have good leave to leave us : when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Wor.* 20  
You were about to speak. [*To North.*

NORTH.                        Yea, my good lord.  
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

19 [*frontier*] front or forehead. The word here has much the same meaning as "brow," which figures tautologically at the end of the line.

20 *good leave*] our full assent.

25 *with such strength denied*] with such vehemence refused.

27 *envy . . . misprision*] *malice . . . misunderstanding.*

34 *chin new reap'd*] freshly trimmed, cropped close in accord with the fashionable vogue.

36 *milliner*] dealer in fancy articles of attire; a trade invariably carried on by men in Shakespeare's day.

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose and took 't away again ;  
Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40  
Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark ! —  
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise ;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

---

37 *A pouncet-box*] A box containing aromatic herbs, with a perforated cover.

41 *Took it in snuff*] Snuffed it up. The phrase, which also meant "took offence," has a double meaning here.

51 *grief*] pain.

58 *parmaceti*] a popular form of *spermaceti*.

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
 And I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

BLUNT. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70  
 Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said  
 To such a person and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
 May reasonably die and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

KING. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
 But with proviso and exception,  
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80  
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March

62 a *good tall fellow*] a strapping fellow.

65 *unjointed*] disjointed, incoherent.

75-76 *impeach What . . . said*] make what he then said matter for accusation.

78 *But with proviso and exception*] Save with the exceptional provision or qualification.

80 *His brother-in-law . . . Mortimer*] Cf. I, i, 38, *supra*, and note.

84 *the Earl of March*] Shakespeare is confusing Sir Edmund Mortimer,

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,  
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

90

HOT. Revolted Mortimer!  
 He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war: to prove that true  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
 Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;

100

who married Glendower's daughter, with his elder brother, fourth Earl of March, or with his nephew, fifth Earl. See I, i, 38, *supra*, and note.  
 87-88 *indent . . . themselves*] make indentures or treaties with terrors (viz., Glendower and Mortimer) when they have lost and forfeited all that made them formidable

94-95 *fall off . . . war*] abandon his allegiance and fall into his enemy's power, except by the irresistible accident of war.

97 *mouthed*] gaping.

99 *opposition*] combat.

100 *confound*] consume.

101 *In changing hardiment*] In valiant struggle in which the well-matched combatants experienced alternations of fortune.

Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did base and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

110

KING. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
He never did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We license your departure with your son.  
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

120

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*]

HOT. An if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them: I will after straight

106 *his crisp head*] the curly head of the river god. It was the favourite conceit of Elizabethan poets to liken the ripples on a river's surface to wavy or curly hair.

109 *Colour her working*] Give its activity the plausible colour of honourable valour. "Colour" is used in the double sense of "stain" and "make specious."

113 *belie*] praise falsely.



And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTH. What, drunk with choler ? stay and pause  
a while :  
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER*

HOT. Speak of Mortimer ! 130  
'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :  
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high in the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WOR. Who struck this heat up after I was gone ?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ; 140  
And when I urged the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him : was not he proclaim'd  
By Richard that dead is the next of blood ?

128 *Albeit I make a hazard*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *Although*  
*it be with hazard*.

133 *on his part*] on his behalf, on his side.

137 *canker'd*] corroded, malignant.

142 *my wife's brother*] See I, i, 38, *supra*, and note.

143 *an eye of death*] a ghastly look of death.

145-146 *was not he proclaim'd . . . blood?*] Shakespeare here confuses  
Hotspur's friend and brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Mortimer, with

NORTH. He was ; I heard the proclamation :  
 And then it was when the unhappy king, —  
 Whose wrongs in us God pardon ! — did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition ;  
 From whence he intercepted did return  
 To be deposed and shortly murdered.

150

WOR. And for whose death we in the world's wide  
 mouth  
 Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOT. But, softly, I pray you ; did King Richard then  
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
 Heir to the crown ?

NORTH. He did ; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.  
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And for his sake wear the detested blot  
 Of murderous subornation, shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?  
 O, pardon me that I descend so low,

160

the latter's brother, the fourth Earl of March, who predeceased  
 Richard II, and left his claim to his son, the fifth Earl, Sir Edmund  
 Mortimer's nephew. See note on I, i, 38, *supra*.

149 *Whose wrongs in us*] Whose wrongs as far as our responsibility for  
 them goes.

154 *scandalized*] defamed, made the subject of scandal.

162-163 *the detested blot . . . subornation*] the hateful stigma of having  
 instigated or suborned murder.

To show the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle king ;  
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power  
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,  
 As both of you — God pardon it ! — have done,  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?  
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?  
 No ; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,  
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt  
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :  
 Therefore, I say, —

Wor.

Peace, cousin, say no more :

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents

173 *gage . . . behalf*] engage “your nobility and power” in an un-  
 righteous cause.

176 *canker*] the dog-rose of the hedge. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, iii, 22-23: “I  
 had rather be a *canker* in a *hedge* than a rose in his grace.”

183 *disdain'd*] disdainful.

188 *I will unclasp . . . book*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, I, iv, 13-14: “I have un-  
*clasp'd* To thee the book even of my *secret soul*.”

189 *your quick-conceiving discontents*] your alert sense of resentment.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

190

HOT. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

200

HOT. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without corrival all her dignities:  
 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

192-193 *As to . . . spear*] The spear is laid across the foaming torrent to form a bridge. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, i, 170, 171 (of Hotspur): "You  
 • knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, More likely to fall in than to get o'er."

194 *or sink or swim*] a proverbial phrase of challenge to a desperate hazard.

201-208 *By heaven . . . fellowship*] This famous speech is quoted derisively as a specimen of rant in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Induction.

206 *So he*] Provided that he.

207 *corrival*] rival, competitor.

208 *out upon this half-faced fellowship*] shame on this half-hearted, insincere sort of friendship.

WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here  
But not the form of what he should attend. 210  
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

HOT. I cry you mercy.

WOR. Those same noble Scots  
That are your prisoners, —

HOT. I'll keep them all ;  
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;  
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :  
I'll keep them, by this hand.

WOR. You start away  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

HOT. Nay, I will ; that's flat :  
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 220  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla " Mortimer !"  
Nay,  
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but " Mortimer," and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

WOR. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :  
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales, 230

209-210 *He apprehends . . . attend*] His imagination swarms with figurative fancies, but ignores the character of the business in hand.

228 *defy*] renounce.

230 *sword-and-buckler*] the habitual accoutrement of menials or serving-

But that I think his father loves him not  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

WOR. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

NORTH. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient  
fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

HOT. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with  
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear 240  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time, — what do you call the place ? —

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;

'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, —

'Sblood ! —

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

NORTH. At Berkley-castle.

HOT. You say true : 250

men. The distinctive weapons of gentlemen were the rapier and dagger. The poet William Bas (or Basse) published a poem in 1602 entitled *Sword and Buckler; or Servingman's Defence*.

233 *a pot of ale*] the beverage of low tavern company with whom the prince consorts.

236 *wasp-stung*] Thus the First Quarto. The Second and later Quartos read *waspe-tongue* or *wasp tongue*. The Folios read *wasp-tongu'd*.

240 *pismires*] ants.

244 *kept*] resided, dwelt.

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy  
 This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !  
 Look, " when his infant fortune came to age,"  
 And " gentle Harry Percy," and " kind cousin ;"  
 O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me !  
 Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

WOR. Nay, if you have not, to it again ;  
 We will stay your leisure.

HOT. I have done, i' faith.

WOR. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260  
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assured,  
 Will easily be granted. You, my lord, [*To Northumberland.*  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,  
 The archbishop.

HOT. Of York, is it not ?

WOR. True ; who bears hard 270  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

251 *what . . . courtesy*] what a deal of sugary courtesy.

261-262 *mean For powers*] means or agent for raising forces.

266-267 *into the bosom creep Of*] ingratiate yourself with.

271 *His brother's . . . Lord Scroop*] Shakespeare adopts Holinshed's error of making "the Lord Scroop," William le Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, whom Henry IV had executed at Bristol in 1399, a brother of Archbishop Scrope. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, ii, 141. They were very distant cousins.

I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

HOT. I smell it : upon my life, it will do well.

NORTH. Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

HOT. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :  
And then the power of Scotland and of York, 280  
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

WOR. And so they shall.

HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

WOR. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head ;  
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
The king will always think him in our debt,  
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay us home :  
And see already how he doth begin  
To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

HOT. He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

WOR. Cousin, farewell : no further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,  
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;

272 *in estimation*] on conjecture, mere inference.

278 *Before . . . slip*] These are hunting phrases. "Let slip" is applied  
to letting hounds loose from their chains or leashes.

284 *head*] force, army.

292 *Cousin*] Kinsman; here nephew.



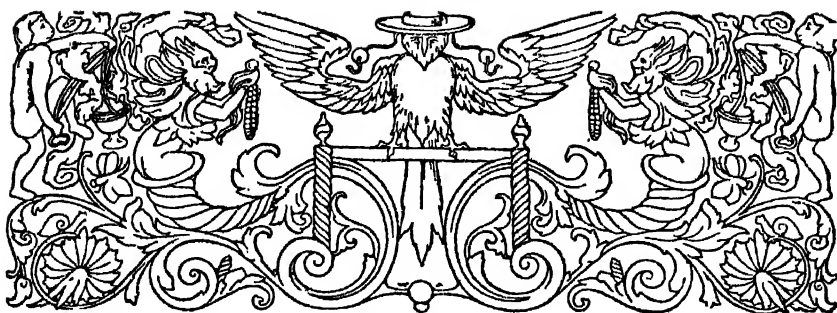
THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV ACT I

---

Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

NORTH. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

HOT. Uncle, adieu: O, let the hours be short 301  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!  
[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT SECOND — SCENE I — ROCHESTER

### AN INN YARD

*Enter a CARRIER with a lantern in his hand*

FIRST CARRIER



EIGH-HO! AN IT BE NOT  
four by the day, I'll be hanged :  
Charles' wain is over the new  
chimney, and yet our horse not  
packed. What, ostler !

OST. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

FIRST CAR. I prithee, Tom,  
beat Cut's saddle, put a few  
flocks in the point ; poor jade, is  
wrung in the withers out of all  
cess.

*Enter another CARRIER*

SEC. CAR. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,  
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots :

1 *by the day*] by the morning light.

2 *Charles' wain*] The popular name of the constellation called "Ursa  
Major" or Great Bear.

this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

10

FIRST CAR. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

SEC. CAR. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.

FIRST CAR. Like a tench ! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

SEC. CAR. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

20

5 *beat Cut's saddle*] Cut, properly a horse with a docked tail, was a term often bestowed on horses generally. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 176: "call me *cut*," and *infra*, II, iv, 187: "call me *horse*." "Beat" here means "soften by beating."

5-6 *put a few flock in the point*] put a few pieces of wool on the point of the saddle, where the leather galls the horse by its hardness.

6 *is wrung in the withers*] is galled at the back of the neck (where the shoulder-blades meet).

7 *out of all cess*] out of all measure.

8 *dunk . . . as a dog*] moist as a sweating dog.

9 *bots*] worms.

14 *stung like a tench*] Elizabethan naturalists doubtfully asserted that many fishes, including the tench, were the habitual prey of insect parasites.

16 *a king christen*] Thus the Quarto. The Folios read, *a king in Christendome*.

18-19 *jordan . . . leak . . . chimney*] chamber-pot . . . make water . . . fireplace.

19 *chamber-lie*] urine.

20 *like a loach*] The loach, a very small fish, was credited with incalculably great reproductive power.

FIRST CAR. What, ostler ! come away and be hanged !  
come away.

SEC. CAR. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes  
of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

FIRST CAR. God's body ! the turkeys in my pannier  
are quite starved. What, ostler ! A plague on thee !  
hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not hear ?  
An 't were not as good deed as drink, to break the pate  
on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged !  
hast no faith in thee ?

30

*Enter GADSHILL*

GADS. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock ?

FIRST CAR. I think it be two o'clock.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my geld-  
ing in the stable.

FIRST CAR. Nay, by God, soft ; I know a trick worth  
two of that, i' faith.

GADS. I pray thee, lend me thine.

SEC. CAR. Ay, when ? canst tell ? Lend me thy lan-  
tern, quoth he ? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come  
to London ?

41

SEC. CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I

23 *razes*] probably bales, each containing several score "races" of  
ginger the ordinary trade-name of ginger-roots. "Two razes or  
races" (taken quite literally) would not make a carman's load. Cf.  
*Wint. Tale*, IV, ii, 52-53: "A race or two of ginger."

38 *Ay, when? canst tell?*] An ejaculation of impatience, a scoffing denial  
of a request. See note on *Com. of Errors*, III, i, 52.

warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen : they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

GADS. What, ho ! chamberlain !

CHAM. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

GADS. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain ; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring ; thou layest the plot how. 51

*Enter* CHAMBERLAIN

CHAM. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight : there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : they will away presently.

GADS. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck. 60

CHAM. No, I'll none of it : I pray thee, keep that for

45 *they have great charge*] they have heavy responsibility (in the treasure they carry). Cf. 57, *infra*, "abundance of charge."

46 *chamberlain*] the name of an inn-servant. who looks after the bed chambers. The office is now transferred to a chambermaid.

47 *At hand, quoth pick-purse*] a slang phrase for "coming at once."

51 *layest the plot how*] arrange the plot how (robbery is to be effected).

53-54 *a franklin . . . Kent*] a yeoman of the weald of Kent.

56 *auditor*] officer of the Exchequer, revenue officer.

57 *charge*] See note on line 45, *supra*.

59-60 *Saint Nicholas' clerks*] Thieves, "old Nick's" employees.

the hangman ; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

GADS. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no<sup>o</sup>foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms ; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : and yet, 'zounds, I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

79

70 *make all whole*] make all square.

71 *no<sup>o</sup>foot land-rakers*] tramps, vagabond pedestrians.

*long-staff sixpenny strikers*] footpads knocking passers-by down with a long stick to rob them of sixpences.

72 *mustachio purple-hued malt-worms*] toppers with their mustachios dyed with purple wine.

73 *burgomasters*] substantial merchants.

*great oneyers*] doubtless a magniloquent amplification of "great ones ;" " -yers" being affixed to "one" in a vein of burlesque, to give the word specious kinship with "moneyers" [*i. e.*, mint-masters].

74 *hold in*] keep their counsel.

79 *make her their boots*] there is a quibble here on "boots" in the ordinary

CHAM. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

GADS. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

CHAM. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

GADS. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false 90 thief.

GADS. Go to; "homo" is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

sense of "riding-boots," as well as of "booties," profits. Cf. III, i, 67-68, *infra*.

82 *liquored*] greased or oiled.

83-84 *receipt of fern-seed*] Those who carried fern-seed about with them were, it was believed, thereby rendered invisible. The notion seems to have confusedly arisen from the fact that the fern plant carries its seed at the back of the leaves and the seed is itself invisible.

89 *purchase*] thieves' term for "plunder." Cf. *Hen. V*, III, ii, 40, 41: "They will steal anything, and call it *purchase*."

92 "*homo*" . . . *all men*] a thief being a man is entitled to that designation. Shakespeare plays with a quotation from Lily's Latin grammar and accidentence, with which he gives in his plays frequent signs of familiarity (cf. *M. Wives*, IV, i).

94 *muddy*] dull-witted.

## SCENE II — THE HIGHWAY, NEAR GADSHILL

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS*

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE. Stand close.

*Enter FALSTAFF*

FAL. Poin's ! Poin's, and be hanged ! Poin's !

PRINCE. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ! what a brawling dost thou keep !

FAL. Where's Poin's, Hal ?

PRINCE. He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him.

FAL. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company : <sup>10</sup> the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I have drunk

<sup>2</sup> *frets . . . velvet*] inferior velvets were stiffened with gum, and easily fretted or frayed.

<sup>12</sup> *by the squier*] by precise calculation. The squier is a variant name of the square, a carpenter's measuring rule.

<sup>18</sup> *medicines to make me love him*] love philtres or powders.



POINS. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be 70 hanged.

PRINCE. Ned, where are our disguises?

POINS. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

FAL. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his busiNESS.

*Enter the Travellers*

FIRST TRAV. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

THIEVES. Stand!

TRAVELLERS. Jesus bless us!

FAL. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' 80 throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

TRAVELLERS. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

FAL. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On,

73 *happy man be his dole*] good fortune be his lot. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iv, 63, and note.

81 *caterpillars*] idlers, parasites.

*bacon-fed knaves*] chaw-bacons, yokels. Cf. 86, *infra*, "bacons."

85 *gorbellied*] potbellied, paunchy.

86 *chuffs*] the term is usually applied to well-to-do but unmannerly boors.

bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live.  
You are grandjurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

*[Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS disguised*

PRINCE. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

POINS. Stand close; I hear them coming.

*Enter the Thieves again*

FAL. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

PRINCE. Your money!

POINS. Villains!

*[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]*

PRINCE. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

100

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear  
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

86 *bacons*] chaw-bacons. See line 81, *supra*, and note.

88 *jure*] Falstaff coins the verb out of "grandjurors."

91 *argument*] theme of talk.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :  
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

POINS. How the rogue roar'd !

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III — WARKWORTH CASTLE

*Enter HOTSPUR solus, reading a letter*

HOT. "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented : why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;" — why, that 's certain : 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; 10 the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! By the

1 *But, for mine own part . . .* ] The writer of the temporizing letter which Hotspur reads is not specifically named in the play. He has been identified by some commentators with a Scottish nobleman, George Dunbar, Earl of Dunbar and March, whom Shakespeare miscalls Lord Mortimer of Scotland, III, ii, 164, *infra*, and by others with Sir Thomas (or Ralph) Rokeby, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, whose loyalty to Henry IV is noticed in *2 Hen. IV*, IV, iv, 97–99.

11 *unsorted*] ill-chosen, unsuitable.

Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could <sup>20</sup> brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with <sup>30</sup> so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

*Enter* LADY PERCY

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY. O, my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I this fortnight been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

18 *my lord of York*] Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York.

29 *I could . . . go to buffets*] I could cut myself in two, and set the two parts at each other.

33 *Kate*] Lady Percy's real name was Elizabeth. Cf. I, i, 38, and note. But Hotspur invariably calls her Kate. Cf. III, i, *passim*.

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is 't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone? 40  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
 To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?  
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
 Speak terms of manage' to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, 50  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;

38 *stomach*] appetite.

*golden*] a conventional epithet of "sleep," common to Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporaries. Cf. *Tit. Adr.*, II, iii, 26: "*golden slumber*."

42 *my treasures . . . thee*] my treasured wifely rights; a hendiadys. Cf. *Othello*, IV, iii, 86: "pour our *treasures* into foreign laps."

43 *thick-eyed*] purblind (to things outside yourself).

46 *terms of manage*] horsemen's phrases.

48 *sallies and retires*] sorties and retreats.

49 *frontiers*] outworks of forts.

50 *basilisks*] large pieces of ordnance.

*culverin*] small cannon.

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these ?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, 60  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

HOT. What, ho !

*Enter SERVANT*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the  
 sheriff ?

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

SERV. It is, my lord.

HOT. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O esperance !

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. . [Exit Servant.

LADY. But hear you, my lord. 70

HOT. What say'st thou, my lady ?

LADY. What is it carries you away ?

HOT. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY. Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

59 *hest*] sudden behest, call, emergency. Thus the First Quarto. Other early editions read *haste*.

68 *back him*] mount him.

*O esperance*] the motto of the Percy family. Cf. V, ii, 97, *infra*.

72 *carries you away*] distracts, transports you.

75 *A weasel . . . spleen*] Cf. *Cymb.*, III, iv, 158: "*quarrelous as the weasel*." The weasel was proverbially credited with ill temper. But Hotspur's spleen is moody caprice rather than anger.

As you are toss'd with. In faith,  
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.  
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir  
About his title, and hath sent for you  
To line his enterprise: but if you go —

80

HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
Directly unto this question that I ask:  
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOT. Away,  
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world  
To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips:  
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!  
What say'st thou, Kate! what wouldst thou have with  
me?

90

LADY. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?  
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?  
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

HOT. Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

---

78 *my brother Mortimer*] See I, i, 38. *supra*, and note.

80 *line*] strengthen, support.

82 *paraquito*] little parrot.

89 *mammets*] puppets, dolls.

90-91 *crowns . . . current*] a quibble on the double meaning of the word  
"crowns" as "heads" and "coins."

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;  
 I must not have you henceforth question me 100  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no farther wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,  
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer ; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

LADY. How ! so far ? 110

HOT. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :  
 Whither I go, thither shalt thou go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

LADY. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN IN  
 EASTCHEAP

*Enter the PRINCE, and POINS*

PRINCE. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and  
 lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal ?

PRINCE. With three or four loggerheads amongst three  
 or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-

101 *rason*] talk.

1 *fat* ] vat room; "vat" was often spelt "fat."



string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers ; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy ; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of 10 mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet ; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem !" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this 20 pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir !

---

6-7 *leash of drawers*] Three greyhounds made up a leash. But the word was applied to any group of three.

8-9 *take it . . . upon their salvation*] assert, as they would be saved.

11 *a Corinthian*] a buck, a blood, a young man of spirit. Cf. the like use of "Ephesians," 2 *Hen. IV*, II, ii, 143.

14-15 *when you breathe . . . play it off*] when you take breath while you are drinking, they express scorn of you with the exclamation "hem" and bid you finish it off.

22 *under-skinker*] inferior tapster or pot-boy, who kept pennyworths of sugar in folded papers for customers to mix with their drink.

Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

POINS. Francis!

PRINCE. Thou art perfect.

POINS. Francis!

[*Exit Poins.*]

*Enter FRANCIS*

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

PRINCE. Come hither, Francis.

FRAN. My lord?

PRINCE. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

40

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

25 *Score . . . bastard*] Score up a pint of the (sweet sort of Spanish muscadine) wine known as bastard. Cf. line 70, *infra*.

*Half-moon*] The name of a room in the tavern, like "Pomgarnet" in line 35. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, II, i, 122, where mention is made of a tavern room, called the "Bunch of Grapes."

28 *puny drawer*] the under-skinker of line 22, *supra*.

29 *leave calling*] stop calling.

35 *Pomgarnet*] A room in the tavern. Cf. line 25, *supra*, and note.

FRAN. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart.

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir.

50

PRINCE. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

FRAN. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 't was a pennyworth, was 't not?

FRAN. O Lord, I would it had been two!

PRINCE. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

60

FRAN. Anon, anon.

PRINCE. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRAN. My lord?

PRINCE. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

FRAN. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

---

66-68 *this leathern jerkin . . . Spanish-pouch*] Thus the Prince describes the dress and appearance of the tapster's master, the vintner, who wore a leather jacket ornamented with crystal buttons; was crop headed; with a ring on his finger adorned with an agate; his stockings of dull grey; with worsted lace garters; a smooth tongue in his head, and a paunch filled with Spanish wine.

PRINCE. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only 70  
drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas  
doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to  
so much.

FRAN. What, sir?

POINS. [*Within*] Francis!

PRINCE. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them  
call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed,  
not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter VINTNER*

VINT. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a  
calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My  
lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the  
door: shall I let them in? 80

PRINCE. Let them alone awhile, and then open the  
door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

*Re-enter POINS*

POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves  
are at the door: shall we be merry?

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye;  
what cunning match have you made with this jest of  
the drawer? come, what's the issue?

PRINCE. I am now of all humours that have showed  
themselves humours since the old days of goodman 90

---

70 *your brown bastard*] a Spanish wine of a brown colour; cf. line 25,  
*supra*. The Prince is here mystifying Francis by the irrelevance  
and incoherence of his remarks.

Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

*Re-enter FRANCIS*

What's o'clock, Francis?

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*]

PRINCE. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine*

POINS. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been? 108

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and

---

98 *parcel*] items.

107 *Rivo!*] An exclamation, probably of Spanish origin, common among Elizabethan toppers.

111 *nether stocks*] stockings.

mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards !  
Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue  
extant ? [*He drinks.*]

PRINCE. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter ? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's ! if thou didst, then behold that compound. 116

FAL. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too : there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward ! Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unchanged in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still. 127

114 *Titan*] A name commonly applied to the sun in classical poetry.

115 *pitiful-hearted Titan*] Thus all the early editions. But this reading is barely intelligible. Theobald substituted *pitiful-hearted butter*. If we retain *pitiful-hearted Titan*, those words must be treated as a parenthetic ejaculation ; *butter* must in any case be the antecedent of *that melted*. The prince is comparing the cup of sack which the heated and sweating Falstaff is greedily quaffing, to butter liquefying under the sun's rays.

116 *that compound*] that mixture (of melting fat and liquid).

117 *lime in this sack*] Lime was commonly inserted by the tapster to make the drink sparkle. Cf. line 119, *infra*, and see note on *M. Wives*, I, iii, 14.

122-123 *a shotten herring*] a herring that has shed its roe.

126 *a weaver*] Weavers (who sang at their work) were proverbially reckoned excellent singers. Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 57-58, and note.

PRINCE. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales! 132

PRINCE. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FAL. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

POINS. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee. 138

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

PRINCE. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

FAL. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE. What's the matter? 150

FAL. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this day morning.

---

130 *dagger of lath*] the weapon of the character known as the Vice in the old morality plays, resembling the wand of the modern Harlequin. Cf. *Tw. Night*, IV, ii, 120-124: "like to the old vice . . . Who, with *dagger of lath* . . . Cries ah, ha! to the devil," and *2 Hen. IV*, III, ii, 310, "this Vice's *dagger*."

PRINCE. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE. What, a hundred, man?

156

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw — ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen —

FAL. Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

170

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men, set upon us —

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

---

157 *at half-sword*] at close quarters, within the range of the length of the opponent's sword.

167, 169, 173 GADS.] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *Ross.*, i. e., *Rossill*, the name of an inferior actor, who also figures in place of *Peto* in both the Quarto and Folio text of I, ii, 156, *supra*, where see note.



PRINCE. What, fought you with them all?

FAL. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature. 181

PRINCE. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

PRINCE. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four. 191

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FAL. In buckram?

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

---

179 *a bunch of radish*] Shallow is scornfully likened by Falstaff to "a forked radish" in *2 Hen. IV*, III, ii, 302.

185 *paid*] paid out, punished. Cf. V, iii, 45, *infra*.

187 *call me horse*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 176: "call me *cut*" (*i. e.*, a bobtailed horse).

188 *my old ward*] my old guard, my favourite posture of defence.

193 *mainly*] with might and main, violently.

PRINCE. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon. 201

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of, —

PRINCE. So, two more already.

FAL. Their points being broken, —

POINTS. Down fell their hose.

FAL. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid. 211

PRINCE. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whore-son, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, — 221

---

207-208 *Their points . . . hose*] "Points" has the double meaning of "sword-points" and the "tags" or laces, which attached the (trunk) hose to the doublet.

209 *followed me*] "me" is the ethical dative.

210 *in foot and hand; and with a thought*] with great vigour; and with the quickness of thought.

220 *knotty-pated*] Thus the early editions. The word seems identical with "not-pated" (*i. e.*, crop-haired) of line 67, *supra*.

221 *tallow-catch*] apparently a receptacle for tallow-grease. The word

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

228

FAL. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

FAL. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's

---

seems to be a misspelling either of "tallow-ketch," a tub of tallow, or of "tallow-keech," a roll of tallow prepared by butchers for chandlery purposes. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, i, 90: "goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife."

225 *Kendal green*] green woollen cloth originally made at Kendal, which was famous in Shakespeare's day for the cloth-making industry.

230 *strappado*] a cruel punishment inflicted on soldiers, who were drawn up by a rope passed under their arms and suddenly let down, so that many bones were either dislocated or broken.

237 *elf-skin*] Thus the early editions, for which Hanmer substituted *eel-skin*. But "elf" here means any diminutive creature, and is the right reading.

yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck, —

240

PRINCE. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS. Mark, Jack.

PRINCE. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. 'Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, 'out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

258

POINS. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FAL. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but

---

240 *standing tuck*] a rapier standing on end, which may well suggest great attenuation.

242 *comparisons*] See note on I, ii, 78, *supra*.

255 *starting-hole*] shelter in which a hunted animal, *e. g.*, the rabbit, takes refuge.

256 *apparent*] obvious, manifest.

beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter ; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors : watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ? 271

PRINCE. Content ; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FAL. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

*Enter Hostess*

HOST. O Jesu, my lord the prince !

PRINCE. How now, my lady the hostess ! what sayest thou to me ?

HOST. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you : he says he comes from your father. 280

PRINCE. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he ?

HOST. An old man.

---

281 *royal*] There is a quibble here on the words "noble" and "royal," which were the names of coins. A "noble" was worth 6s. 8d., while the "royal" was of the value of 10s. The prince jestingly suggests that the difference between those two sums defines the interval between a "nobleman" (line 278) and a "royal man." For a like pun on "royal" cf. I, ii, 136, *supra*.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight ?  
Shall I give him his answer ?

PRINCE. Prithee, do, Jack.

FAL. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

PRINCE. Now, sirs : by'r'lady, you fought fair ; so did you, Peto ; so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no, fie ! 292

BARD. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

PRINCE. Faith, tell me now' in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked ?

PETO. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 299

BARD. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

PRINCE. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away : what instinct hadst thou for it ? 309

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300 *spear-grass*] long, stiff grass.

306 *with the manner*] "in flagrante delicto," in the very act. Cf. *L. L. L.*,

I, i, 199, and note.

307 *Thou hadst fire*] a reference to Bardolph's inflamed countenance.

BARD. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

311

PRINCE. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

PRINCE. Hot livers and cold purses.

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE. No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

319

FAL. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true

311 *exhalations*] meteors. Cf. *infra*, V, i, 19, "an *exhaled* meteor,"<sup>f</sup> and note.

314 *Hot livers and cold purses*] Hard drinking and empty purses.

318 *bombast*] stuffing or padding of clothes.

322 *alderman's thumb-ring*] aldermen and other magistrates wore rings on their thumbs.

327 *Amamon*] The name of an evil spirit, recorded by Reginald Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584), Book xv, ch. 2. Cf. *M. Wives*, II, ii, 264, where the word is again mentioned as the name of a fiend. *bastinado*] a stiff cudgelling.

liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him?

POINS. O, Glendower.

330

FAL. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

PRINCE. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FAL. You have hit it.

PRINCE. So did he never the sparrow.

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

340

PRINCE. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

FAL. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

350

PRINCE. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

328 *liegeman*] subject.

329 *Welsh hook*] A long-handled weapon with a curved blade, sometimes known as "a Welsh glaive" [*i. e.*, halberd].

347 *blue-caps*] the blue bonnets distinctive of Scottish troops.

352 *civil buffeting*] civil warfare.



FAL. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true ; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard ? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower ? art thou not horribly afraid ? doth not thy blood thrill at it ?

360

PRINCE. Not a whit, i' faith ; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father : if thou love me, practise an answer.

PRINCE. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I ? content : this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown !

371

FAL. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept ; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

PRINCE. Well, here is my leg.

367 *my state*] my canopied throne.

369 *joined-stool*] a stool, the parts of which were joined or fitted together ; not a chair carved out of one piece of wood.

376 *in King Cambyses' vein*] in the ranting style of a notorious old play by Thomas Preston called *A lamentable tragedie . . . conteyning the life of Cambises, King of Percia* (1569).

377 *leg*] bow (of reverence), obeisance.

FAL. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

HOST. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

380

HOST. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOST. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.  
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son

382 *convey my tristful queen*] lead away my sorrowful queen.

384 *harlotry*] a common variant of "harlot," which was itself sometimes

- applied to men, in the general sense of blackguards. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, V, i, 205: "She with *harlots* [*i. e.*, vicious youths] feasted."  
"Harlot" and "harlotry" were also applied to women in the sense of hussy or baggage without immoral insinuation. See III, i, 199, *infra*: "a peevish self-will'd *harlotry*."

386 *tickle-brain*] a nickname of strong liquor.

389-391 *the camomile . . . sooner it wears*] These sentences parody a passage in Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 46): "Though the *camomill*, the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth, yet the violet the oftner it is handeled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth."

to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in 'tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

406

PRINCE. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest

---

396 *a micher*] a truant. A "blackberry moucher" is an expression still in provincial use for a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries.

401 *ancient writers*] Cf. *Ecclesiasticus*, xiii, 1: "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith."

412 *lewdly given*] inclined to wickedness.

banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

417

PRINCE. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE. Well, here I am set.

FAL. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

PRINCE. Now, Harry, whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

429

PRINCE. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pud-

422 *a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare*] a sucking rabbit or a hare in a poulterer's shop.

428-429 *I'll tickle ye for a young prince*] I'll play the part of a young prince so as to make you sit up.

435 *bolting-hutch*] the large tub into which the meal falls after being bolted or sifted.

436 *bombard*] a leather jug or black-jack.

437 *Manningtree ox*] The agricultural town of Manningtree in Essex

ding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

443

FAL. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

PRINCE. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE. I know thou dost.

FAL. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish

---

seems to have been famous for its breed of fat oxen. A famous fair was held there annually.

438 *vice* . . . *iniquity*] alternative names of a clownish character in the old morality plays. Cf. *Rich. III*, III, i, 82: "like the formal *vice*, *Iniquity*," and note.

441 *cunning*] skilled, skilful.

444 *take me with you*] make your meaning clear to me.

454 *sack and sugar*] Cf. I, ii, 109, and note.

POINS: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

463

PRINCE. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*]

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running*

BARD. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

FAL. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter the Hostess*

HOST. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

PRINCE. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

471

HOST. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

470-471 *Heigh, heigh! . . . matter*] The first three Quartos give this speech to the Prince. The Folios assign it to Falstaff.

470 *the devil . . . fiddlestick*] a proverbial phrase of ridicule, meaning "here's a to-do about nothing."

475-476 *thou art essentially mad, without seeming so*] you are really mad (by the way you have been taking me off): there is no need to pretend to be a lunatic.

PRINCE. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FAL. I deny your major : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another. 481

PRINCE. Go, hide thee behind the arras : the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FAL. Both which I have had ; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE. Call in the sheriff.

*[Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.]*

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier*

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me ?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house. 490

PRINCE. What men ?

SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

CAR. As fat as butter.

PRINCE. The man, I do assure you, is not here ; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

478 *major*] the major proposition of a logical syllogism ; here put for the proposition itself. "Major" being pronounced "mayor" by Falstaff makes the punning allusion to "the sheriff" clear.

479 *become not a cart*] look not well in the cart (which takes the criminal to the scaffold).

482 *arras*] tapestry hanging at some distance from the walls.

485 *their date is out*] their time is past.

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
 Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
 For any thing he shall be charged withal :  
 And so let me entreat you leave the house.

500

SHER. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
 Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,  
 He shall be answerable ; and so farewell.

SHER. Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE. I think it is good mōrrow, is it not ?

SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

*[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]*

PRINCE. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.  
 Go, call him forth.

509

PETO. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and  
 snorting like a horse.

PRINCE. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search  
 his pockets. *[He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.]*  
 What hast thou found ?

PETO. Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE. Let's see what they be : read them.

PETO. *[reads]* Item, A capon, . . . . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, . . . . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . . . 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d. 520

Item, Bread, . . . . . ob.

502 *three hundred marks]* two hundred pounds (a mark being worth  
 13s. 4d).

508 *Paul's]* St. Paul's Cathedral.

521 *ob.]* abbreviation of the Latin "obolus," commonly used in England  
 as a symbol for a half-penny.



## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV ACT II

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PRINCE. O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack ! What there is else, keep close ; we 'll read it at more advantage ; there let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot ; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning ; and so, good morrow, Peto.

530

PETO. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

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527 *a charge of foot*] command of a company of foot-soldiers.

527-528 *his death . . . twelve-score*] he will die if he march a distance of twelve-score yards.

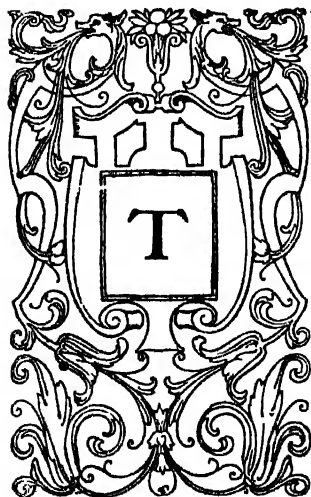


ACT THIRD—SCENE I—BANGOR

THE ARCHDEACON'S HOUSE

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER

MORTIMER



THESE PROMISES ARE  
fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of pros-  
perous hope.

HOT. Lord Mortimer, and  
cousin Glendower,  
Will you sit down?  
And uncle Worcester: a plague  
upon it!  
I have forgot the map.

GLEND. No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin  
Hotspur.

For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

10

2 *induction*] opening scene, first move.

HOT. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

GLEND. I cannot blame him : at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same season,  
if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself  
had never been born.

20

GLEND. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

HOT. And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did  
tremble.

HOT. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on  
fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

30

15 *cressets*] open bowls, holding burning fluid ; usually fixed on poles.

32 *old beldam earth*] old mother earth. "Beldam" is here used without  
any scornful significance. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 1046-1047: "As  
when the wind, imprison'd in the ground, Struggling for passage,  
*earth's foundation shakes*."

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

GLEND.           Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

40

HOT. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh, 50  
I'll to dinner.

MORT. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him  
mad.

GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;  
But will they come when you do call for them ?

34 *distemperature*] disorder. Cf. V, i, 3, *infra*.

40 *Were strangely clamorous to*] Addressed strange cries to.

46 *Which . . . to me*] Who calls me pupil, or hath instructed me.

47-49 *And bring him out . . . experiments*] And produce any one who,  
being mortal (not being of supernatural birth), can follow me in  
tedious ways of learning and keep pace with me in deep experiments.

GLEND. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
The devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil  
By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the devil.  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 60  
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil !

MORT. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
head

Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too !  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

GLEND. Come, here's the map : shall we divide our  
right 70  
According to our threefold order ta'en ?

MORT. The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits very equally :  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east is to my part assign'd :  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,

---

64-65 *made head Against*] collected forces against, seriously menaced.

67-68 *Bootless . . . without boots*] There is a very like pun in II, i, 79,  
*supra*.

71 *our threefold order ta'en*] our agreement made for a triple division.

74 *hitherto*] to this point; here an adverb of place. Hotspur is pointing  
to a map.

To Owen Glendower : and, dear coz, to you  
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn ; 80  
 Which being sealed interchangeably,  
 A business that this night may execute,  
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.  
 Within that space you may have drawn together  
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen. 90

GLEND. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords :  
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come ;  
 From whom you now must steal and take no leave,  
 For there will be a world of water shed °  
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

HOT. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
 In quantity equals not one of yours :  
 See how this river comes me cranking in,  
 And cuts me from the best of all my land  
 A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out, 100

---

80-81 *our indentures tripartite . . . interchangeably*] three copies have been made of our covenant; each one of which being sealed and signed by all of the three parties.

96 *moiety*] share, portion.

98 *comes me cranking in*] comes meandering and twisting about my land;

“*in*” is the ethic dative.

100 *cantle*] corner, bit (of anything).

I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly ;  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

GLEND. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it  
 doth.

MORT. Yea, but  
 Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side ;  
 Gelding the opposed continent as much 110  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
 And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
 And then he runs straight and even.

HOT. I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

GLEND. I'll not have it alter'd.

HOT. Will not you ?

GLEND. No, nor you shall not.

HOT. Who shall say me nay ?

GLEND. Why, that will I.

HOT. Let me not understand you, then ; speak it in  
 Welsh. 120

---

109 *smug*] smooth.

104 *indent*] indentation, inroad.

105 *bottom*] a level piece of land in a valley.

110 *Gelding . . . continent*] Lopping off the opposite bank of the river.

112 *a little charge . . . here*] a little expense will make a new channel for  
 the river here.

113 *cape of land*] projecting land.

GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;  
 For I was train'd up in the English court ;  
 Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
 Many an English ditty lovely well,  
 And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,  
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

HOT. Marry,  
 And I am glad of it with all my heart :  
 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew  
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ; 130  
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry :  
 'T is like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

GLEND. Come, you shall have 'Trent turn'd.

\*HOT. I do not care : I 'll give thrice so much land  
 To any well-deserving friend ;  
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
 I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140  
 Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

GLEND. The moon shines fair ; you may away by  
 night :

125 *the tongue*] the English language.

181 *canstick*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *candlestick*, the more ordinary form of the same word.

*turn'd*] *sc.* on the brass worker's lathe.

134 *mincing*] affected.

135 '*T is . . . nag*] See note on *As you like it*, III, ii, 103 : "the very false gallop of verses."

140 *cavil on*] haggle over.



I'll haste the writer, and withal  
 Break with your wives of your departure hence :  
 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

MORT. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my  
 father !

HOT. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me  
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
 Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150  
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,  
 A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what, —  
 He held me last night at least nine hours  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names  
 That were his lackeys : I cried "hum," and "well,  
 go to,"

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
 As a tired horse, a railing wife ; 160  
 Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

143 *the writer*] the copyist of the agreements.

144 *Break with*] Communicate to.

149-153 *of the moldwarp . . . cat*] Hotspur makes impatient and scornfully inexact reference to an old prophecy attributed to Merlin in which Glendower put faith, to the effect that Henry IV, who was likened by Merlin to "a moldwarp" (*i. e.*, a mole), should lose his realm to a band of three assailants, *viz.*, a dragon, a lion, and a wolf.

153 *couching . . . ramping*] lying down . . . rearing; heraldic terms.

154 *skimble-skamble stuff*] random nonsense.

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,  
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
He holds your temper in a high respect, 170  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
When you come 'cross his humoûr ; faith, he does :  
I warrant you, that man is not alive  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof :  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;  
And since your coming hither have done enough  
To put him quite beside his patience.  
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault : 180  
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood, —  
And that's the dearest grace it renders you, —  
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain :  
The least of which haunting a nobleman

163 *cates*] dainties, delicacies.

164 *summer-house*] summer residence, pleasant villa.

166-167 *profited* . . . *concealments*] skilled in wonderful secrets.

171 *curbs* . . . *scope*] restrains his natural temper.

177 *wilful-blame*] wilfully to blame.

184 *government*] self-control.

185 *opinion*] sc. of oneself, self-conceit.

Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

HOT. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your  
speed!

190

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies*

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me;  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLEND. My daughter weeps: she will not part with  
you;

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

MORT. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt  
Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers  
him in the same.]*

GLEND. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon.

*[The lady speaks in Welsh.]*

MORT. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh 200  
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens

187 *Loseth men's hearts*] Forfeiteth men's affections.

196 *my aunt Percy*] Mortimer was Lady Percy's brother. For Shakespeare's confusions respecting him see I, i, 38, *supra*, and note.

199 *harlotry*] Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, ii, 14, where Capulet, speaking of his daughter, uses Glendower's precise words: "A peevish self-will'd *harlotry* it is." Harlotry means nothing more in these passages than minx or hussy. Cf. II, iv, 384, *supra*, and note.

201 *swelling heavens*] eyes filling with tears.

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,

And that 's a feeling disputation :

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute.

210

GLEND. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

MORT. O, I am ignorance itself in this !

GLEND. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you  
down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep

As is the difference betwixt day and night

---

205 *a feeling disputation*] a theme of sensibility.

210 *division*] variations on a melody.

213 *wanton rushes*] The floors in Shakespeare's day were commonly strewn with rushes in lieu of carpets.

216 *crown*] install as master.

218-219 *Making . . . night*] Lady Mortimer promises her husband the tranquillity of light refreshing slumber which is removed both from wakefulness and heavy sleep, and resembles the calm season preceding the dawn.

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team 220

Begins his golden progress in the east.

MORT. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing :  
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

GLEND. Do so ;

And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down :  
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap. 229

LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

HOT. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;  
And 't is no marvel he is so humorous.

By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

LADY P. Then should you be nothing but musical,  
for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still,  
ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

HOT. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

LADY P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken ?

HOT. No.

LADY P. Then be still. 240

HOT. Neither ; 't is a woman's fault.

223 *our book . . . be drawn*] our agreements be drawn out ; cf. line 265, *infra*.

228 *Kate*] See II, iii, 33, *supra*, and note.

232 *so humorous*] so varied in his moods, so capricious.

237 *Lady, my brach*] An extravagant euphemism for "my bitch hound."

241 *'t is a woman's fault*] an ironical admission that the speaker is subject to the feminine failing of irresolution. Hotspur admits that he has no desire to talk, whereby he will expose himself to the risk of having his head broken, nor does he wish to keep silence.

LADY P. Now God help thee !

HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P. What's that ?

HOT. Peace ! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT. Not yours, in good sooth ! Heart ! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day,"

251

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in sooth,"  
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

LADY P. I will not sing.

259

249 *a comfit-maker's wife*] a confectioner's wife, wife of a maker of sweetmeats, whose talk might be assumed to be characterized by sugary tameness.

250 "*as God shall mend me*" ] "as hope of amending my life is in God."

252 *sarcenet surety*] flimsy surety; sarcenet was a soft gauzy kind of silk.

253 *Finsbury*] In Shakespeare's day the district was best known for its open fields, in which London citizens and their wives were wont to promenade.

256 *pepper-gingerbread*] spiced gingerbread.

257 *velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens*] wearers of dresses trimmed with velvet, and citizens clothed in their Sunday best.

HOT. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

[*Exit.*

GLEND. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,  
And then to horse immediately.

MORT.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II — LONDON

### THE PALACE

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others*

KING. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference: but be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

260 *'Tis the next . . . tailor]* To sing is the nearest way to come down to the level of the tailor, who was proverbially famous for his gift of song.

260-261 *red-breast teacher]* 'one who trains birds (probably bullfinches) to sing. *Robin* redbreasts were rarely known to sing.

265 *By this . . . drawn]* By this time our agreement is drawn up or engrossed; cf. line 223, *supra*.

1 *give us leave]* withdraw.

5 *displeasing service]* displeasing act.

6 *blood]* kindred or progeny.

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;  
 But thou dost in thy passages of life  
 Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven 10  
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

PRINCE. So please your majesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse  
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20  
 Myself of many I am charged withal :  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devised,  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.

11 *mistreadings*] transgressions.

13 *such lewd, such mean attempts*] such wicked, depraved, such unworthy undertakings or pursuits.

15 *art match'd withal*] engaged in as an equal.

20 *doubtless*] confident.

23 *in reproof of*] in consideration of my refuting; cf. I, ii, 183, *supra*.

25 *pick-thanks . . . newsmongers*] officious parasites and low-minded gossips. Holinshed employs the word "pick-thanks" in the corresponding passage.



KING. God pardon thee ! yet let me wonder, Harry,  
At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30  
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,  
And art almost an alien to the hearts  
Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
The hope and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.  
Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession,  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at ;  
That men would tell their children " This is he ;"  
Others would say " Where, which is Bolingbroke ? "  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50

30 *affections*] inclinations.

32 *Thy place . . . lost*] "Rudely" means "by rude or riotous behaviour."

As a matter of history, it was not till eight years after the date of events noticed in this play that Prince Henry was removed from the privy council.

42 *Opinion*] Public opinion.

43 *loyal to possession*] true to him that then possessed the throne.

50 *I stole . . . heaven*] I acquired that manner of benignant courtesy which one associates with the gentle grace of heavenly beings.

And dress'd myself in such humility  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
 And wan by rareness such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled<sup>9</sup> up and down,  
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,  
 Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools,  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns,  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative,  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,

60

59 *wan*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios substitute the more ordinary  
 form *won*.

60 *skipping*] skittish.

61 *bavin wits*] "Bavin" is brushwood, "soon kindled and soon burnt."  
 The meaning is, wits of Richard II's circle indulged in flashes of  
 irresponsible merriment.

62 *carded his state*] blended his dignified position (with ignomin-  
 ious behaviour). "Card" was the technical term for blending  
 wines.

65 *against his name*] to the injury of his reputation.

66-67 *stand the push . . . comparative*] suffered himself to be the butt  
 of every insolent youth whose wit took the form of making satirical  
 comparisons and similes. For this use of "comparative" see note  
 on I, ii, 78, and cf. II, iv, 242, *supra*.

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;  
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70  
 They surfeited with honey and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80  
 But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation: not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,  
 Be more myself.

69 *Enfeoff'd* . . . *popularity*] Gave himself wholly up to intercourse with plebeians. "To *enfeof*" was properly "to convey property absolutely, in fee simple."

77 *community*] familiarity.

83 *cloudy*] sullen, morose.

87 *vile participation*] low companionship or society.

KING. For all the world  
As thou art to this hour was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state  
Than thou the shadow of succession;  
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital 110  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes

98 *interest to the state*] title to the throne.

99 *the shadow of succession*] the heir apparent.

101 *harness*] properly "armour;" here "armed warriors."

103 *And, being . . . years*] As a matter of history Hotspur was twenty years older than the Prince.

109-110 *chief majority . . . capital*] pre-eminence and chief or principal military renown.

112 *swathing clothes*] a baby's long clothes. Thus the first three Quartos. Other early editions read *swathing clothes*. The modern form is "swaddling clothes."

Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us and are up. 120  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear  
Base inclination and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

PRINCE. Do not think so; you shall not find it  
so;

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd 130  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

---

120 *Capitulate*] Draw up articles of agreement, form a league.

125 *start of spleen*] impulse of anger.

136 *favours*] features. Though the word in the singular is constantly used for "face," the plural is exceptional. The succeeding word "mask" leaves no doubt of the meaning.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
 That this same child of honour and renown,  
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140  
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.  
 For every honour sitting on his helm,  
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head  
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
 And I will call him to so strict account,  
 That he shall render every glory up, 150  
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
 This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
 The which if He be pleased I shall perform,  
 I do beseech your majesty may salve  
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;  
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.  
 KING. A hundred thousand rebels die in this: 160  
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

148 *engross up*] buy up.

151 *the slightest . . . time*] the smallest honour that has been paid him in his day.

157 *bands*] bonds, obligations.

159 *parcel*] item, jot.

161 *charge*] a responsible commission.

*Enter BLUNT*

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

BLUNT. So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word  
That Douglas and the English rebels met  
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play<sup>a</sup> in a state.

KING. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster; 171  
For this advertisement is five days old:  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;  
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting  
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march  
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,  
Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.* 180

164 *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*] A curious confusion on Shakespeare's part. There was no Scottish Lord Mortimer, but there was a Scottish Earldom of March, held at this period by George Dunbar, whom Holinshed merely called "the Scot, the Earl of March." He was a zealous ally of England at this period. See II, iii, 1, *supra*, and note. Shakespeare hastily gave the Scottish Earl of March the family name of the English Earl of March, which was Mortimer.

167 *head*] rebel army.

172 *advertisement*] intelligence, information.

177 *Our business valued*] Reckoning the time needed for our arrangements.

180 *feeds him*] feeds himself, grows.

SCENE III — THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN IN  
EASTCHEAP*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH*

FAL. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. 10

BARD. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

FAL. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not<sup>4</sup> above once in a quarter — of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in

---

<sup>4</sup> *apple-john*] apple, which kept long though the skin shrivelled quickly.

A like comparison is made by Falstaff in *2 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 2.

<sup>5</sup> *in some liking*] in fairly good condition.

<sup>8</sup> *peppercorn . . . horse*] Falstaff compares himself ironically to a thing of such insignificant size as the peppercorn, or to an animal so lank and bony as a brewer's or a malt horse was then commonly reputed to be through overwork. See *Com. of Errors*, III, i, 32.



good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass. 20

BARD. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

FAL. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

BARD. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

FAL. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: 30  
I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel:" but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst

---

25-26 *admiral . . . poop*] the admiral's ship, the leading ship of a squadron, which at night carried a lantern at the stern or poop, which set the course for the ships which followed.

27 *Knight of the Burning Lamp*] A satiric hint at the ordinary titles of heroes of popular romances, which Beaumont and Fletcher developed in their play of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

30 *memento mori*] a common term for a skull and crossbones.

34-35 "*By this fire . . . angel*"] Thus the Quartos. The Folios omit *that's God's angel*. Cf. *Exodus*, iii, 2: "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire."

been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an <sup>40</sup> everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

BARD. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

FAL. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

50

*Enter Hostess*

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

HOST. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

FAL. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

60

HOST. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

---

39 *an ignis fatuus*] a will o' the wisp.

44-45 *as good cheap*] quite as cheaply.

51 *Dame Partlet*] The name of the hen in the medieval story of Reynard the Fox.

FAL. Go to, I know you well enough.

HOST. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

FAL. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

HOST. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight 70 shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

FAL. He had his part of it; let him pay.

HOST. He? alas, he is poor: he hath nothing.

FAL. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of 80 my grandfather's worth forty mark.

HOST. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

FAL. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood,

---

68 *Dowlas*] The coarsest kind of linen.

69 *bolters*] cloth or hair sieves for sifting meal or flour.

72 *by-drinkings*] drinkings between meals.

78 *a denier*] a penny, a stiver, from Latin "denarius."

*younker*] greenhorn.

79 *shall I . . . inn*] a proverbial expression. Cf. John Heywood's *Three Hundred Epigrammes upon Proverbs*, No. 26: "Thou takest *thine ease in thine inn*."

84 *sneak-cup*] one who dodges liquor, who slyly avoids drinking his share.

an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

*Enter the PRINCE and PETO, marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

HOST. My lord, I pray you, hear me. 90

PRINCE. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

HOST. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Pithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE. What sayest thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

PRINCE. What didst thou lose, Jack? 100

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

HOST. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

---

89 *Newgate fashion*] Prisoners were conducted through the street from the prison at Newgate to the scaffold handcuffed in pairs.

PRINCE. What! he did not?

HOST. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood  
in me else. 111

FAL. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed  
prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;  
and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's  
wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

HOST. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

HOST. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou  
shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and,  
setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call  
me so. 121

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast  
to say otherwise.

HOST. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FAL. What beast! why, an otter.

PRINCE. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

FAL. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows  
not where to have her. 128

---

112-113 *a stewed prune*] a loose woman; the thing eaten is put for the eater. According to Elizabethan dramatists stewed prunes formed a customary diet in houses of ill-fame.

113 *a drawn fox*] a fox drawn from cover, and seeking by artifice to elude his pursuers.

114 *Maid Marian*] A character in the morris dances in attendance on Robin Hood. In Shakespeare's day the part was usually filled by a man, who indulged in much clownish and indelicate buffoonery.

114-115 *the deputy's wife of the ward to thee*] a woman of standing and respectability compared to thee. "The deputy of the ward" was a common councilman of repute, who exercised police authority.

HOST. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

PRINCE. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

HOST. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

PRINCE. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

HOST. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

140

BARD. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

PRINCE. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

151

PRINCE. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled

---

134 *ought*] owed.

151 *I pray God my girdle break*] An allusion to a familiar proverb "Ungirt, unblest." The purse was usually attached to the girdle, so that there was risk of loss of money from the breaking of the girdle.

up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

163

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

PRINCE. It appears so by the story.

169

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

PRINCE. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

FAL. O, I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

179

PRINCE. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

157 *embossed*] swollen.

160-161 *any other . . . these*] anything else which it injured you to deprive you of.

162 *pocket up wrong*] bear injury tamely, without resentment.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

BARD. Do, my lord.

PRINCE. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

191

PRINCE. Bardolph!

BARD. My lord?

PRINCE. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive 200  
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

FAL. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

---

183 *with unwashed hands*] at once, without waiting (to wash your hands).

Cf. *K. John*, III, i, 234: "No longer than we well could *wash our hands.*"

201 *furniture*] equipment.

205 *my drum*] my headquarters, my rendezvous.





ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

THE REBEL CAMP NEAR SHREWSBURY

Enter HOTSPUR, 'WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS

HOTSPUR



WELL SAID, MY NOBLE

Scot: if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought  
flattery,

Such attribution should the  
Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's  
stamp

Should go so general current  
through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I do  
defy

The tongues of soothers; but a  
braver place

In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:

Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

3 *attribution*] credit.

6-7 *defy* . . . *soothers*] disdain flattering tongues.

9 *task* . . . *approve me*] put my word to the proof, try me.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honour: 10  
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
 But I will beard him.

HOT. Do so, and 't is well.

*Enter a Messenger with letters*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

MESS. These letters come from your father.

HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

HOT. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick  
 In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

WOR. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESS. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
 And at the time of my departure thence  
 He was much fear'd by his physicians.

WOR. I would the state of time had first been whole,  
 Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
 His health was never better worth than now.

HOT. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
 The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
 'T is catching hither, even to our camp. 30  
 He writes me here, that inward sickness —  
 And that his friends by deputation could not

18 *justling*] jostling.

24 *He was much fear'd by*] He gave much cause of anxiety to.

25 *the state of time*] the current condition of affairs.

32 *by deputation*] by means of a deputy, by vicarious authority. Cf.

*infra*, IV, iii, 87: "In deputation."

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet  
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
 On any soul removed but on his own.  
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
 That with our small conjunction we should on,  
 To see how fortune is disposed to us;  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
 Because the king is certainly possess'd  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

40

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:  
 And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want  
 Seems more than we shall find it: were it good  
 To set the exact wealth of all our states  
 All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
 It were not good; for therein should we read  
 The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
 The very list, the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

50

DOUG. Faith, and so we should;

33 *drawn*] assembled.

35 *any soul removed*] any stranger to him, any separate individuality.

36 *advertisement*] admonition.

37 *conjunction*] assembly of men.

47 *set so rich a main*] lay so large a stake.

49-52 *for therein . . . fortunes*] for (by inviting this risk) we should discover or come face to face with the lowest point (the nadir) and the bare kernel of our ambitious hope; we should reach the extreme verge and boundary of all our fortunes. All our hopes would be doomed.

Where now remains a sweet reversion :  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

HOT. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WOR. But yet I would your father had been here. 60  
The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division : it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;  
For well you know we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

---

53 *Where . . . a sweet reversion*] Whereas now we have a hopeful expectation, some hope in reserve.

56 *A comfort of retirement*] A support on which we may fall back.

59 *the maidenhead*] the immature stages.

61 *hair*] complexion, character.

69 *the offering side*] the attacking party.

70 *arbitrement*] judicial inquiry.

73 *draws*] withdraws, lifts, raises.

HOT. You strain too far.

I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here; for men must think,

If we without his help can make a head

80

To push against a kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

DOUG. As heart can think: there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON*

HOT. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

VER. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

HOT. No harm: what more?

VER. And further, I have learn'd,  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

91

HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

77 *more great opinion*] far greater repute.

78 *dare*] daring.

80 *make a head*] organize a rebellion.

85 *this term of fear*] this word "fear."

96 *daff'd*] tossed contemptuously.

VER. All furnish'd, all in arms;  
 All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
 Baited like eagles having lately bathed;  
 Glittering in golden coats, like images; 100  
 As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 'To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110  
 HOT. No more, no more: worse than the sun in  
 March,  
 'This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;

98-99 *All plumed . . . bathed*] Thus the original editions. But the reading seems unintelligible. Possibly an intermediate line has dropped out. Some sense can be obtained if we substitute *Bated*, (with a comma attached) for *Baited*. "Bate," used intransitively, is a technical term in falconry for the beating or fluttering of the hawk's wings on the point of flying. The Prince of Wales' comrades would then be compared, in the first place, to ostriches who kept their plumes fluttering in the wind, and, in the second place, to eagles fresh from a bath. Eagles were supposed to renew their strength after bathing.

100 *images*] gaudily painted saints' images.

104 *beaver*] properly the moveable front piece of the helmet; here probably the helmet itself.

105 *cuisses*] a French word for leg or thigh armour.

110 *witch*] bewitch, charm.

They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh  
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.  
O that Glendower were come!

VER. There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

VER. To thirty thousand.

HOT. Forty let it be: 130  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUG. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*]

113 *like sacrifices . . . trim*] like sacrificial animals trimmed or decked  
for the altar.

114 *maid of smoky war*] the goddess Bellona.

119 *taste*] test, try.

133 *take a muster*] call the roll.

## SCENE II — A PUBLIC ROAD NEAR COVENTRY

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH*

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

BARD. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit. 10]

FAL. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty

---

3 *Sutton Co'fil'*] Thus the Cambridge editors. The early editions read *Sutton Cophill*. The reference is obviously to Sutton Coldfield, some twenty-five miles northwest of Coventry.

5-6 *lay out . . . angel*] Falstaff probably hands Bardolph some jewel or small article of loot for his henchman to "lay out" on a bottle of drink. Bardolph punningly describes the article as a bottle that will yield the value of an "angel," i. e., a gold coin worth ten shillings.

8 *I'll answer the coinage*] I'll be answerable for the genuineness of the coins.

12 *a soused gurnet*] a pickled gurnet; reckoned a vulgar dish, and constantly used as a term of contempt.

*the king's press*] the king's commission for impressing soldiers.



soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-<sup>20</sup> butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient:<sup>30</sup> and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I

14 *I press me*] I impress; so line 20, *infra*.

19 *caliver*] musket.

20 *I pressed me*] I impressed, as in line 14, *supra*.

*toasts-and-butter*] cockneys; men addicted to delicate feeding.

23 *ancients*] ensigns; a colloquial corruption. The word was applied both to the regimental flag and to the officer who carried it. Cf. line 30, *infra*.

24-25 *Lazarus in the painted cloth*] The story of Lazarus and other scriptural tales were often depicted in the painted cloths or rough tapestries which adorned middle-class houses.

28 *trade-fallen*] out of trade, out of work.

30 *old faced ancient*] old patched military flag. "Ancient" is a colloquial corruption of ensign. See line 23, *supra*.

had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's 40 but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND*

• PRINCE. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FAL. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had 50 already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST. Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there

---

34 *draff*] refuse.

39 *gyves*] shackles, fetters.

43 *herald's coat without sleeves*] the sleeveless tabard of the professional herald.

44-45 *Saint Alban's . . . Daventry*] Both these towns lie on the direct road from London to Coventry.

47 *quilt*] The Prince likens plump Falstaff to a liberally stuffed bed-quilt.

already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

FAL. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after? 60

FAL. Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

FAL. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder. food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

FAL. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me. 70

PRINCE. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FAL. What, is the king encamped?

WEST. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

FAL. Well,  
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast  
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

---

63 to toss] *sc.* on a pike. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, I, i, 244, 245: "The soldiers should have *toss'd me on their pikes* Before I would have granted."  
71-72 *three fingers . . . ribs*] three fingers' breadth of flesh.

## SCENE III — THE REBEL CAMP NEAR SHREWSBURY

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

DOUG. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit.

HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

VER. Do not, my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well respected honour bid me on,

10

I hold as little counsel with weak fear

As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle

Which of us fears.

DOUG. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I.

VER. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: 20  
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
 That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOT. So are the horses of the enemy  
 In general, journey-bated and brought low:  
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter* SIR WALTER BLUNT

BLUNT. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30  
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOT. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God  
 You were of our determination!  
 Some of us love you well; and even those some  
 Envy your great deservings and good name,  
 Because you are not of our quality,  
 But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT. And God defend but still I should stand so,  
 So long as out of limit and true rule  
 You stand against anointed majesty. 40  
 But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

---

26 *journey-bated*] exhausted with travel.

36 *quality*] fellowship. The word was technically used of the actor's profession.

38 *God defend*] God forbid.

39 *out of limit*] out of bounds, rebelliously.

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon  
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
 Audacious cruelty. If that the king  
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
 He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed  
 You shall have your desires with interest,  
 And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50  
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

•HOT. The king is kind; and well we know the king  
 Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
 My father and my uncle and myself  
 Did give him that same royalty he wears;  
 And when he was not six and twenty strong,  
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,  
 My father gave him welcome to the shore;  
 And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60  
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,  
 With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,  
 My father, in kind heart and pity moved,  
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
 Now when the lords and barons of the realm

42 *griefs*] grievances.

51 *by your suggestion*] at your prompting, instigation.

58 *unminded*] unnoticed.

62 *To sue his livery . . . peace*] To sue for the delivery to him of his forfeited lands, and to beg for their peaceable enjoyment. Cf. *Richard II*, II, i, 204, II, iii, 629.

Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him  
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore of Ravenspurgh;  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

BLUNT. Tut, I came not to hear this.

HOT.

Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king; 90

70 *stood in lanes*] lined the narrow country roads.

74 *as greatness knows itself*] realizing the greatness of his opportunities.

76 *while his blood was poor*] while he was in poor, dispirited condition.

87 *In deputation*] As his deputies. Cf. *supra*, IV, i, 32, "by *deputation*."

88 *was personal*] was present in person.

Soon after that, deprived him of his life;  
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;  
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,  
 Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
 Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
 There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
 Disgraced me in my happy victories,  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
 Rated mine uncle from the council-board;  
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
 This head of safety, and withal to pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance.

BLUNT. Shall I return this answer to the king?

HOT. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw a while.  
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd

92 *in the neck of that . . . state*] following quick on that, laid tribute on the whole country.

93 *March*] Sir Edmund Mortimer, who is once again wrongly confused, with his kinsmen, the alleged heirs to the crown, the Earls of March. Cf. I, i, 38, *supra*, and note.

95 *engaged*] pledged as a hostage. Cf. V, ii, 44, *infra*.

98 *by intelligence*] by means of spies.

99 *Rated . . . council-board*] For the dismissal of Hotspur's uncle, Worcester, cf. *supra*, I, iii, 15, *seq.*

103 *head of safety*] armed force for our self-protection.

108 *impawn'd*] pledged. The Earl of Westmoreland was sent by Henry IV into Hotspur's camp to be detained as a hostage, while Hotspur's uncle Worcester proceeded to King Henry's quarters. Cf. V, ii, 29-30, *infra*.



Some surety for a safe return again,  
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110  
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

BLUNT. I would you would accept of grace and love.

HOT. And may be so we shall.

BLUNT. Pray God you do.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV — YORK

#### THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR MICHAEL*

ARCH. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief  
 With winged haste to the lord marshal;  
 This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest  
 To whom they are directed. If you knew  
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

SIR M. My good lord,  
 I guess their tenour.

ARCH. Like enough you do.  
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
 Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10  
 As I am truly given to understand,  
 The king with mighty and quick-raised power  
 Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,  
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,

1 *Sir Michael*] Here "Sir" is used, like "Dominus," as the customary title of a clergyman.

*brief*] letter.

10 *bide the touch*] stand the test.

Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

SIR M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

ARCH. No, Mortimer is not there.

SIR M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry  
Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

ARCH. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together:  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt; 30  
And many mo corrivalls and dear nuen'  
Of estimation and command in arms.

SIR M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well  
opposed.

ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king

---

15 *Whose power . . . proportion*] Whose quota was largest of any (among the conspirators).

17 *a rated sinew*] an anticipated source of strength.

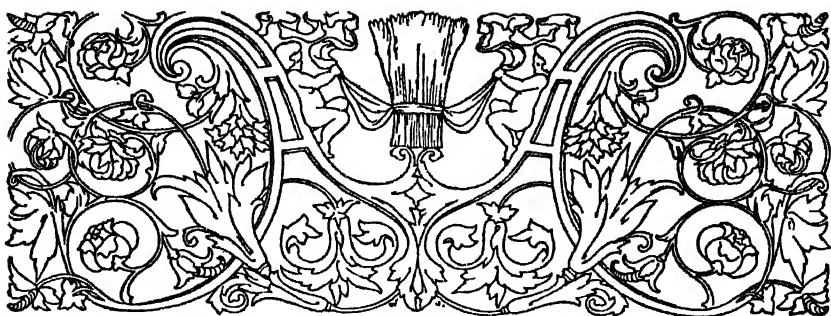
28 *special head*] choicest armed forces.

31-32 *mo corrivalls . . . estimation*] more associates and men of highest esteem.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV ACT IV

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Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy,  
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40  
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

### THE KING'S CAMP NEAR SHREWSBURY

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and FALSTAFF*

KING



OW BLOODILY THE SUN  
begins to peer  
Above yon busky hill! the day  
looks pale  
At his distemperature.

PRINCE.                      The south-  
ern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his  
purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in  
the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a bluster-  
ing day.

KING. Then with the losers let it sympathise,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

*[The trumpet sounds.]*

(stage direction) *Enter the KING . . . FALSTAFF* All the early editions  
include among the persons of this scene the Earl of Westmore-

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON*

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 't is not well  
 That you and I should meet upon such terms 10  
 As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,  
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace.  
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:  
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
 What say you to it? will you again unknot  
 This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
 And move in that obedient orb again  
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,  
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20  
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

WOR. Hear me, my liege:  
 For mine own part, I could be well content  
 To entertain the lag-end of my life

land. But it is expressly stated, V, ii, 29, *infra*, that he was at the moment in the rebel camp. His name has therefore been deleted here.

2 *bosky*] bosky, wooded, bushy.

3 *At his distemperature*] Owing to the sun's disturbed aspect. Cf. III, i, 34, *supra*.

4 *his purposes*] the wind's own purposes of raising a storm.

13 *old limbs*] As a matter of history the king was only thirty-six years old, while his son was about sixteen. But Shakespeare ignores the historical chronology.

17 *obedient orb*] orbit of obedience.

19 *an exhaled meteor*] meteors were supposed to be formed of vapours drawn out of the earth by the sun. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, v, 13: "It is some *meteor* that the sun exhales," and *supra*, II, iv, 311, "these *exhalations*."

With quiet hours; for, I do protest  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

KING. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?

FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE. Peace, chewet, peace!

WOR. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30  
Of favour from myself and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
'That brought you home, and boldly did outdare 40  
'The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
'And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
'That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:

26 *this dislike*] this disagreeableness, this distasteful business.

29 *chewet*] Cotgrave in his *Fr.-Engl. Dict.* gives the French word "*chouette*," interpreting it as a chough or jackdaw. But this French word is nowhere found in Elizabethan literature, whereas Elizabethans were familiar with the like sounding word "*chuet*" or "*chewet*," which was applied to a mince pie of rich ingredients. Cotgrave explains the French word "*goubelet*" as a kind of "little round pie resembling our *chuet*." The Prince is doubtless scornfully likening Falstaff to a piece of overrich pastry.

32 *remember you*] remind you.

To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,  
 What with our help, what with the absent king,  
 What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 And the contrarious winds that held the king  
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars  
 That all in England did repute him dead;  
 And from this swarm of fair advantages  
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
 And being fed by us you used us so  
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60  
 Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight  
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
 We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight and raise this present head;  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means

50-51 *the injuries . . . sufferances*] the injuries done you by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity and the apparent sufferings.

60-61 *As . . . sparrow*] As that churlish fledgeling the cuckoo's chick uses the sparrow. It was a common belief of naturalists of the time that sparrows hatched cuckoos' eggs, and that their service was rewarded by being devoured by the young cuckoo as soon as it was old enough.

66 *head*] army of rebellion.

67 *we stand opposed . . . means*] we stand in opposition to you because of such means.

As you yourself have forged against yourself,  
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth 70  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

KING. These things indeed you have articulate,  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
Of hurlyburly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water-colours to impaint his cause; 80  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

PRINCE. In both your armies there is many a  
soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90  
More daring or more bold, is now alive

72 *articulate*] set out in articles, formally defined.

74 *face*] trim, give plausible edge to.

77 *rub the elbow*] a gesture of satisfaction.

78 *hurlyburly*] boisterous, turbulent.

80 *water-colours . . . cause*] weak, watery forces to adorn its pretensions.

88 *set off his head*] struck off his record.



To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so I hear he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty —  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

KING. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
thee,

Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love  
That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do: but if he will not yield, 110  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]*

PRINCE. It will not be accepted, on my life:  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confident against the world in arms.

KING. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:  
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

120

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*]

FAL. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

PRINCE. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

FAL. I would 't were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

PRINCE. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

FAL. 'T is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'T is insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

119 *on their answer*] on receiving their answer.

121 *bestride*] stand over and so protect. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, iii, 9: "I. *bestrid* him."

140 *a mere scutcheon*] mere heraldic blazonry.

## SCENE II — THE REBEL CAMP

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON*

WOR. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

VER. 'T were best he did.

WOR. Then are we all undone.  
It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king should keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;  
For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up, 10  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks,  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;  
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:

8 *Suspicion*] All the old editions wrongly read *Supposition*. The correction is due to Rowe.

13 *misquote*] misread, misunderstand.

18-19 *an adopted . . . Hotspur*] the assumed name of Hotspur (which implies a reckless temper) might be held to privilege or shield him (from censure for his acts of wildness).

19 *govern'd . . . spleen*] governed by whimsical temper. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, III, ii, 10: "a mad-brain rudesby, full of *spleen*."

All his offences live upon my head 20  
And on his father's; we did train him on,  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,  
In any case, the offer of the king.

VER. Deliver what you will; I'll say 't is so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS*

HOT. My uncle is return'd:  
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.  
Uncle, what news? 30

WOR. The king will bid you battle presently.

DOUG. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

HOT. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

DOUG. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. *[Exit.]*

WOR. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

HOT. Did you beg any? God forbid!

WOR. I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge 40  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

---

29 *Deliver . . . Westmoreland]* Hotspur had detained Westmoreland by way of hostage for his uncle Worcester, while the latter was in the king's camp. Cf. IV, iv, 108, 109.

31 *will bid . . . presently]* summons you at once to the engagement.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS*

DOUG. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

WOR. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the  
king,  
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

HOT. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day  
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, 50  
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

VER. No, by my soul; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,  
Making you ever better than his praise  
By still dispraising praise valued with you; 60  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself;

44 *engaged*] detained as a hostage. Cf. IV, iii, 95, *supra*.

51 *How show'd his tasking?*] What was the character of his searching criticism or censure?

56 *He gave . . . man*] He credited you with all the merits due to a man.

60 *By still . . . with you*] By disparaging the praise bestowed upon you when compared with your deserts.

62 *a blushing cital*] a penitent impeachment or accusation. The word "cital" is unknown elsewhere.

And chid his truant youth with such a grace  
As if he master'd there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.  
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

HOT. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
On his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild a libertine.  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.  
Arm, arm with speed: and, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do  
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

70

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. My lord, here are letters for you.

80

HOT. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;

64 *master'd*] was master of.

65 *instantly*] at the same time.

72 *a libertine*] Capell's emendation of the original text. The first four Quartos read *a libertie*, and the Folios and other early Quartos at *liberty*.

If die, brave death, when princes die with us !  
 Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
 When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger*

MESS. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace. 90

HOT. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
 For I profess not talking ; only this —  
 Let each man do his best : and here draw I  
 A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
 With the best blood that I can meet withal  
 In the adventure of this perilous day.  
 Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.  
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
 And by that music let us all embrace ;  
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall 100  
 A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The trumpets sound. They embrace and exeunt.]*

### SCENE III — PLAIN BETWEEN THE CAMPS

*The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then  
 enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER BLUNT*

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
 Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek  
 Upon my head ?

DOUG. Know then, my name is Douglas ;

97 *Esperance*] The motto of the Percy family. Cf. II, iii, 68, *supra*.

100 *heaven to earth*] one might wager heaven to earth.

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT. They tell thee true.

DOUG. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

BLUNT. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR*

HOT. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon  
thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

DOUG. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies  
the king.

HOT. Where?

DOUG. Here.

HOT. This, Douglas? no: I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt; 20  
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

DOUG. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear:  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

15 *triumph'd upon*] Thus the first two Quartos. The other Quartos read *triumph't over*, and the Folios *triumphed o're*. The accent falls on the second syllable of "triumph'd," as in V, iv, 14, *infra*.

21 *Semblably furnish'd*] Similarly equipped.

22 *A fool go . . . goes*] You'll be a fool to your dying day.



HOT. The king hath many marching in his coats.

DOUG. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

HOT. Up, and away!  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt. 29

*Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus*

FAL. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's 'no scoring but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter the PRINCE*

PRINCE. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff

" 40

---

29 *stand full fairly for the day*] are making a good bid for victory.

30 *shot-free*] an obvious pun. One meaning of the word is "without paying one's shot or reckoning."

31 *no scoring . . . pate*] another of Falstaff's punning reminiscences of tavern accounts.

37-38 *for the town's end . . . life*] the outskirts of the town, where beggars plied their vocation.

Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me  
thy sword.

FAL. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

PRINCE. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

PRINCE. Give it me: what, is it in the case? 50

FAL. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city.

*[The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.]*

PRINCE. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

*[He throws the bottle at him. Exit.]*

FAL. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit. 59]

44 *Turk Gregory*] A reference to the militant pope Gregory VII (Hildebrand), who filled the papacy from 1073 to 1085.

45 *paid*] paid out, punished. Cf. II, iv, 185, *supra*.

56 *carbonado*] piece of meat slashed for broiling. Cf. *Cor.*, IV, v, 186, 187: "he scotched him and notched him like a *carbonado*."

## SCENE IV — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND*

KING. I prithee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

LAN. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

PRINCE. I beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

KING. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

WEST. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

PRINCE. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

LAN. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmore-  
land,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

*[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.]*

PRINCE. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

20

5 *make up*] advance.

6 *amaze*] bewilder, strike with panic.

14 *triumph*] The accent falls on the second syllable. Cf. IV, iii, 15, *supra*.

KING. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

PRINCE. O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.

*Enter DOUGLAS*

DOUG. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. HEN. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

DOUG. I fear thou art another counterfeit;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee. [They fight; the King being  
in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

PRINCE. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like 40  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

21 *hold Lord Percy at the point*] parry Lord Percy's blows.

34 *assay thee*] make trial of, measure swords with, thee.

Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight: Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord; how fares your grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

KING. Stay, and breathe a while:

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,

And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

50

PRINCE. O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,

Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

KING. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas

Gawsey.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* HOTSPUR

HOT. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

PRINCE. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

HOT. My name is Harry Percy.

PRINCE.

Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

---

48 *opinion*] reputation.

49 *makest some tender of*] showest some regard for.

52 *hearken'd for*] waited for. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 256.

58 *Make up to Clifton*] Join Clifton.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

HOT. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; and would to God  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine! 70

PRINCE. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOT. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

*Enter FALSTAFF*

FAL. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find  
no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as  
if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded,  
and falls*

HOT. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh: 80  
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

77 *O, Harry . . . youth*] Holinshed states that Hotspur fell in this battle of Shrewsbury at Prince Henry's hand, but earlier authorities state that Hotspur received his fatal wound from an unidentified warrior.

81-83 *thought's . . . stop*] thought depends on life; life obeys the caprice of time, and time, that embraces all the world in its sway, must have an end. The punctuation here follows that of the Folios.

But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for —

[Dies.

PRINCE. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well,  
great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

90

But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:

But let my favours hide thy mangled face;

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy steep with thee in the grave,

100

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[He spieth Falstaff on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man:

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity!

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit. 110

96 *[favours]* ribbons worn as a scarf.

109 *Embowell'd]* Embowelled for embalming.

## KING HENRY IV

[Takes up Hotspur on his back.

•

PRINCE. Come, brother John; full bravely hast  
thou flesh'd  
Thy maiden sword.

121 *gunpowder Percy*] explosive Percy.



LAN. But, soft! whom have we here? 130  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

PRINCE. I did; I saw him dead,  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou  
alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?  
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes  
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but  
if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is  
Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me  
any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy  
himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure  
you. 141

PRINCE. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee  
dead.

FAL. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is  
given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of  
breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant,  
and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may  
be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward  
valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it  
upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if  
the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would  
make him eat a piece of my sword. 152

LAN. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

PRINCE. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:

138 *a Jack*] a Jackanapes.

149 *I'll take it upon my death*] I'll stake my life on it.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead. 160

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that  
rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll  
grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly  
as a nobleman should do. [Exit.

#### SCENE V — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD  
JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WOR-  
CESTER and VERNON prisoners*

KING. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,  
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?  
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl and many a creature else  
Had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

WOR. What I have done my safety urged me to;

*2 Ill-spirited*] Of evil disposition.

And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

KING. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:  
Other offenders we will pause upon.

*[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]*

How goes the field?

PRINCE. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.

20

KING. With all my heart.

PRINCE. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:  
His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

30

LAN. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.

KING. Then this remains, that we divide our power.  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

15 *pause upon*] postpone sentence on.

20 *Upon the foot of fear*] Rushing off in fear.

29 *shown . . . crests*] attested by the marks of his blows on our helmets.

32-33 *I thank . . . immediately*] These two lines appear only in the first  
four Quartos. They are omitted by the Folios.

---

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave till all our own be won. [Exeunt.

---

36 *dearest speed*] utmost haste.



**THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV**













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## INTRODUCTION



S it is impossible to keep the two parts of this great drama apart, I may now, having said what I had to say about the greatest character to be found in it, consider some of the others of the piece, all of whom are, as Johnson has said, "diversified with the utmost nicety of discernment and the profoundest skill in the nature of man."

"We may divide," says Coleridge, "a dramatic poet's characteristics into *language*, *passion*, and *character*, always bearing in mind that these must act and react on each other, — the language inspired by the passion, and the language and the passion modified and differenced by the character."

Of passion, as Shakespeare has taught us what it may be, there is none in this play. Our heart is never torn,

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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nor are our sympathies much aroused, save, indeed, when Falstaff's hopes of becoming Fortune's steward, of backing his friends and revenging himself upon my Lord Chief Justice, are so righteously blighted. Then we are sorry. There is no woman in the piece, though in Lady Percy, as well as in the Eastcheap heroines, there are womanly traits to be noted.

It is a play of characters and language. The King himself is as melancholy as a lugged bear. There is exquisite justice in this. Melancholy is ever the fate of the assiduous courtier of public opinion—be the material object of his solicitude what it may. To understand the King in this drama we must study the Henry Bolingbroke of "King Richard II" where his courtship of the common people was closely observed by the King "in possession":—

"How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 't were to banish their affects with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends.'"

This is how Bolingbroke struck Richard, but it is interesting to observe the somewhat different picture Henry the Fourth draws of himself for the benefit of his wild son:—

## INTRODUCTION

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“ Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession  
And left me in reputeless banishment,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet I was wonder'd at ;  
That men would tell their children ‘ This is he ; ’  
Others would say ‘ Where, which is Bolingbroke ? ’  
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at ; and so my state,  
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast.”

We never quite “ see ourselves as others see us,” but allowing for the very different point of view of the two artists, we have no difficulty in seeing the same man in both pictures, bonnet in hand, assiduously courting public opinion and laying every possible trap for men's suffrages. To be both a popular hero, “ hail fellow, well met,” and at the same time “ a mystery man ” whose comings and goings are carefully studied, may be difficult, but we know it is not impossible.

A Nemesis lies ahead of all tide-waiters, however distinguished ; nor is there any anatomised melancholy so dreary as that of the tired, disillusioned statesman



## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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whose light begins to burn low. There is not a trace in Henry the Fourth of the gallant, triumphant Duke who rode his hot and fiery steed through the London streets,

“While all tongues cried, ‘God save thee, Bolingbroke.’”

But instead, we have glimpses of a peevish, tired, wan, and shaken man, needlessly curt in speech, harsh and brutal, with a father’s sorrow for a son he deemed unworthy always gnawing at his heart. Yet he goes on plotting and planning to the end, pursuing a high policy which he is just able in his last hours, as he is taken to die in the Jerusalem Chamber, to transmit with some degree of confidence to his reformed heir. It is a gloomy but effective figure.

Knowing, as we all cannot help doing, that the “mad-cap” Prince of Wales is going to live to be Henry the Fifth and win the battle of Agincourt for us, we cannot help but like him.

“For now sits Expectation in the air,  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.”

Here again Shakespeare takes no pains whatever to buy our verdict for a national hero. If we cheer, it is at our own risk. Prince Hal is not in himself a pleasing character. We first hear of him in “Richard II,” beating the watch, robbing passengers, frequenting taverns with loose companions, and returning a coarse and most unchivalric reply to the gallant Hotspur who sought to

## INTRODUCTION

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interest the ne'er-do-well in the royal jousts lately held at Oxford. No doubt, the moment we are introduced to Falstaff we begin to understand and therefore to find excuses. But even then the Prince's attitude towards the knight is not satisfactory. Is it good-fellowship? Poins is the Prince's real friend and Poins never could endure Falstaff. What was the Prince's real feeling? It is too absurd to suppose that even a royal vanity could seriously entertain the notion that Sir John Falstaff was the Prince's butt. Henry was too nimble-witted not to recognise the vast superiority, though obscured by an ill life, of Falstaff over all comers, the Prince himself not excepted. But at times he, too, seems to hate Falstaff. Perhaps he had cause to do so. When he sees the familiar figure lying as he thinks dead by the side of Percy, he pronounces, with true feeling unusual in princes, the well-known words : —

- “What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spared a better man.  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
• If I were much in love with vanity!”

Sir John stood for “vanity” in the Prince's life and as such had to be put on one side, else “farewell, Prince.”

If the Prince, on his “madcap” side, strikes a little chilly, we must not forget the exigency of the modern drama which demands that the audience should early be taken into the playwright's confidence, and assured, in this instance out of the Prince's own mouth, in a long aside,

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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that he is playing the fool on purpose, and means, all in good time, to throw off his loose behaviour and become a reformed character and national hero. This is eminently satisfactory, but not Rabelaisian.

The two Harrys, of Monmouth and of the North, as they alternately occupy the boards, meeting but once in the combat fatal to one of them, make a noble contrast. Each has a lively conception of the other's foibles. Prince Hal's mimicry of Hotspur is worthy of a friend of Falstaff's.

"I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers, 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife."

Excellent as this is, if the little play had been proceeded with, and that "damned brawn" Falstaff had been cast in the lady's part, he would have made it the leading one in the piece, brawn or no brawn.

Hotspur's reference to the Prince is of a more dignified character, though it refers satirically to his well-known fleetness of foot:—

"Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?"

## INTRODUCTION

This question enables Sir Richard Vernon, to whom it was addressed, to make his famous reply : —

“ I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.”

They meet at last, “ Harry to Harry ” : —

*Hotspur.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince Henry.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hotspur.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince Henry.*

Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hotspur.* Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; and would to heaven

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

*Prince Henry.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hotspur.* I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*”

This is fine chivalry. Hotspur falls, mortally wounded, and so the odds between the two Harrys are made even ; though Prince Hal was at no time capable of the splendid gallantry that prompted the exclamation : —

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

---

“ And would to heaven  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine ! ”

Another character full of matter for musing is Owen Glendower, — that solemn Welshman belonging to a Celtic type better known in life than in fiction. He is almost preternaturally grave, ideally conceited, and has his brain stuffed full of nonsensical stories —

“ Of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,  
A couching lion and a ramping cat ” —

all of which are to him sober realities, as being in one way or another connected with or akin to his own extraordinary nativity, where, as he tells us,

“ The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,”

and the earth shook “ like a coward.” Hotspur makes fine English fun of all these absurdities, but without avail, for the moon-struck Celt does but repeat himself :

“ Give me leave  
To tell you once again that at my birth  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.”

Glendower was no doubt what his son-in-law Mortimer declared him to be, a well-read gentleman and valiant as a lion ; but I prefer Fluellen, who was also

## INTRODUCTION

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a Welshman, and equally well read and quite as valiant.<sup>1</sup>

Owen Glendower's daughter, who is married to Mortimer and speaks no English, is one of Shakespeare's triumphs. How it is encompassed who can say? Coleridge was fond of quoting, as an instance of Shakespeare's powers in *minimis*, James Gurney, a character in "King John," who has but four words allowed to his dramatic life, "Good leave, good Philip." S. T. C. was fortunate enough to be able to find in these four words both individuality and comicality. Who put them there is at least uncertain, but Lady Mortimer manages to be individual and mirth-provocative without a single reported word, for though we are told she speaks, it is in Welsh and remains unrendered. True it is that her father takes upon himself to interpret one of her speeches, and sentimental stuff he makes of it, but it is impossible to have any confidence in the truthfulness of Glendower. The result, however, is that Mortimer — that noble earl, who does not know a word of Welsh — meekly does what he believes his wife told him to do, that is, lies down and rests his head in her lap. Thereupon Hotspur, that "giddy goose," as his delightful wife calls him, makes Lady Percy lie down, and proceeds, in mockery, to bury his head in her lap. Glendower, as a man of feeling, is greatly pleased and bids music to be struck up, and then after some highly comic bywords between the two Percys, Lady Mortimer sings a Welsh

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter Scott, however, was of a different way of thinking, and wishes we had more of the Glendower.

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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song. A better bit of theatrical "business" is nowhere to be found. Pity it is we so seldom have a chance of seeing it.

As Falstaff is the supreme study of wit, tarnished in its setting by an ill life in town, so Justice Shallow is the corresponding study of dulness, grown intensified in the country amidst ewes and bullocks. The one study is as rich and inexhaustible as the other. Shakespeare could do everything. He can make a wise man talk wisely and a witty man wittily; he can make an angry man talk as if he were indeed in a passion and a madman talk as if he had lost his senses, and a fool as if he had no senses to lose.

The barrenness and emptiness of Shallow's mind and vocabulary, his direful, intellectual poverty, are exhibited to us with almost as much wealth of illustration, with the same convincing force, as are the endless resources of Falstaff's brain and the marvellous fertility of his imagination.

Shakespeare never fails to do full justice to a fool, and that he loved depicting one is plain enough; a fool *par excellence* that is, one seized in fee-simple of his folly. Such a one is Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," who holds his patent of stupidity direct from heaven.

Robert Shallow is not so complete a fool as Sir Andrew, who could hardly have passed muster at the Gloucestershire Quarter Sessions, but he belongs to the great race.

It was a fine stroke of fancy to make Falstaff and Shal-

## INTRODUCTION

low contemporaries in London more than half a century before they meet in the third act of the "Second Part of Henry IV." Between the two men there can never have been more than the barest acquaintanceship, for Shallow was not at any time a thing of the slightest account, save in his own poor fraudulent fancy; whilst Falstaff, then a slim page in the Duke of Norfolk's household, and with a good wit that could "make use of anything," had the world at his feet. Still, every dog has his day, and Shallow was at Clement's Inn—a scarecrow of a creature it may be, but with his heart as choked with unfulfilled desire as the greatest of them all. When he asks us to believe that one day he actually fought with Simon Stockfish, the fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn, we flatly refuse to do so; he is lying we know, "this same starved Justice." Old men are subject to this vice, but from the lies they tell us we can guess what they would like to have been; and Shallow felt he lacked but the sinews to be a swashbuckler.

The contrast between the two old men, both now at the end of their tether, is forcibly presented and emphasised in every line of their dialogue. Shallow's quavering talk and flatulent egotism seem to bore Sir John, who refuses to go into dinner with his old acquaintance, though he envies him his acres and beeves, and registers the intention of revisiting him after the wars and having a snap at him. How he does so we all know. He sups with the Justice, discovers the unexpected good qualities of Master Silence, and borrows a thousand pounds from his host.



## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV

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It may be easy to see nothing but the comedy of Shallow, but as drawn by the master's hand he is a sorrowful figure.

“Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.”

The amiable Shenstone, in one of his essays, cites this famous line as a signal instance of the effectively abrupt, and remarks in his easy eighteenth-century fashion, “I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader.” It has been used frequently enough, so far as mere abruptness goes, but the “prodigious effect” of it is another matter and is the secret of Shakespeare.

A. BIRRELL.

THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY IV

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ <sup>1</sup>

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King Henry V.,

THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,

PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

EARL OF SURREY.

GOWER.

HARCOURT.

BLUNT.

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Servant of the Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

LORD MOWBRAY.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD BARDOLPH.

SIR JOHN COLVILLE.

TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

His Page.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

POINS.

PETO.

SHALLOW, } country justices.

SILENCE, }

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf, recruits.

FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c. A Dancer,  
speaker of the epilogue.

*SCENE: England.*

<sup>1</sup> This play was first printed in a Quarto volume published in 1600. The text of the First Folio supplies several passages which the Quarto omits. The Folio first gave a list of "The Actors' Names" at the extreme end of the piece, and indicated the divisions of the text into both Acts and Scenes.

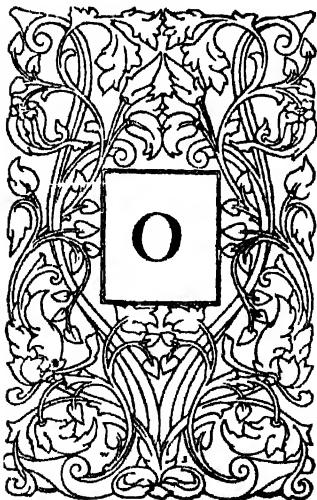


## INDUCTION

### WARKWORTH. BEFORE THE CASTLE

*Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues*

RUMOUR



PEN YOUR EARS; FOR  
which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud  
Rumour speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping  
west,  
Making the wind my post-horse,  
still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball  
of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slan-  
ders ride,  
The which in every language I  
pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity

stage direction) *Enter Rumour . . . tongues*] The description of this allegorical personage is mainly derived from Virgil's account of Fama,

## THE SECOND PART OF INDUCTION

Under the smile of safety wounds the world: 10  
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters and prepared defence,  
 Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20  
 My well-known body to anatomize  
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
 I run before King Harry's victory;  
 Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury  
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,

---

*Aeneid*, iv, 173-188. "Rumour" figured in many Elizabethan pageants and masques, arrayed symbolically as in the present text. Thomas Campion, in the Masque written for the Earl of Somerset's marriage, 1614, describes the dress of Rumour, who is one of the characters, thus:—"In a skin coat full of winged *tongues*, and over it an antic robe; on his head a cap like a tongue, with a large pair of wings in it."

2 *The vent of hearing*] The aperture of the ears.

17 *a stop*] the finger holes which regulate the sound of a pipe or flute.

23 *I run . . . victory*] The events of the play are represented as following without any interval the battle of Shrewsbury, which was fought on July 1, 1403, and news of which is now brought to Hotspur's father, the Duke of Northumberland. The episodes with which the play deals cover the period of ten years intervening between the battle of Shrewsbury and King Henry IV's death in 1413.

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 'To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 'Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
 wrongs. [Exit. 40

28 *To speak*] By speaking.

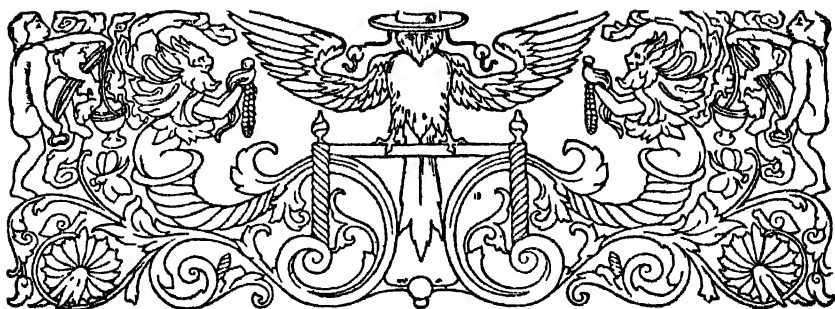
29 *Harry Monmouth*] Prince Henry (afterwards King Henry V), so called from Monmouth, his birthplace.

33 *the peasant towns*] the villages.

35 *hold of ragged stone*] stronghold of rugged stone, the castle at Warkworth. *Hold* is Theobald's correction of the original reading *hole*. For "ragged," cf. I, i, 151, *infra*, "The *ragged*'st [*i. e.*, roughest] hour."

37 *Lies crafty-sick: . . . tiring on*] Feigns illness: the messengers come riding their hardest.

40 *true wrongs*] genuine disasters.



## ACT FIRST — SCENE I

*THE SAME*

*Enter LORD BARDOLPH*

LORD BARDOLPH



HO KEEPS THE GATE  
here, ho?

*The Porter opens the gate*

Where is the earl?

PORT. What shall I say you  
are?

L. BARD. Tell thou the earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth  
attend him here.

PORT. His lordship is walk'd  
forth into the orchard:  
Please it your honour, knock but  
at the gate,

And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND*

L. BARD.

Here comes the earl.

*[Exit Porter.]*

NORTH. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem:  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose 10  
And bears down all before him.

L. BARD. Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

NORTH. Good, an God will!

L. BARD. As good as heart can wish:  
The king is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, 20  
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

NORTH. How is this derived?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. BARD. I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence,  
A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

NORTH. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

8 *stratagem*] crisis.

19 *brawn*] roll of fat. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.*, II, iv, 106: "that damned *brawn*."

29 *listen after*] go after and watch for. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.*, I, iii, 147: "*listen after* Humphrey."



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*Enter TRAVERS*

L. BARD. My lord, I over-rode him on the way; 30  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.

NORTH. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with  
you?

TRA. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury: 40  
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And bending forward struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

NORTH. Ha! Again:  
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur Coldspar? that rebellion 50  
Had met ill luck?

L. BARD. My lord, I'll tell you what;

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37 *forspent*] exhausted.

47 *to devour the way*] This figure for extreme speed is common in all literature. Cf. *Job*, xxxix, 24: "He swalloweth the ground," and Catullus, xxxv, 7, "*viam voravit*."

If my young lord your son have not the day,  
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point  
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

NORTH. Why should that gentleman that rode by  
 Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

L. BARD. Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow that had stolen  
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON*

NORTH. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf, 60  
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
 So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood  
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MOR. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask  
 To fright our party.

NORTH. How doth my son and brother?  
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70  
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

53 *a silken point*] a silk tag or lace fastening clothes together.

57 *hilding fellow*] base fellow.

62 *strond*] a variant spelling of "strand." Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, i, 4,  
*stronds*.

63 *a witness'd usurpation*] evidence of encroachment.

71 *dead*] sullen. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii, 57: "so dead, so grim."

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it,  
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and thus;  
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas:"  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80  
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

MOR. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;  
But, for my lord your son, —

NORTH. Why, he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;  
Tell thou an earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 90

MOR. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

NORTH. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye:  
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;  
The tongue offends not that reports his death:

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72 *Drew*] Drew aside, withdrew.

92 *spirit*] intuition.

95 *fear*] danger, cause of fear.

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100  
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

L. BARD. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MOR. I am sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to God I had not seen;  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreathed,  
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down  
'The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110  
From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,  
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear  
'That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim

102 *sullen bell*] dismally tolling bell. Cf. *Sonnet lxxi, 2*: "the surly  
*sullen bell*."

108 *Rendering faint quittance*] Making a faint return (of blows).

116 *his party steel'd*] his side emboldened or nerved.

117 *abated*] blunted, diminished, reduced.

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight, 130  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out  
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

NORTH. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physic; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints, 140  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,  
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice  
crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel

129 *vail his stomach*] abate his pride. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, V, ii, 176.

138 *Having been well*] Had I been in good health.

141 *buckle*] bend.

144 *grief . . . grief*] The word in the first place means "bodily pain,"  
and in the second has the ordinary sense of "mental pain" or  
"sorrow."

145 *nice*] effeminate.

Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach 150  
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring  
 'To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!  
 Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!  
 And let this world no longer be a stage  
 'To feed contention in a lingering act;  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

TRA. This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. BARD. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MOR. The lives of all your loving complices  
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
 'To stormy passion, must perforce decay.

147 *sickly quoif*] invalid's scarf, handkerchief.

149 *flesh'd with conquest*] stimulated by taste of conquest.

151 *ragged'st*] roughest. Cf. *Ind.*, line 35, *supra*, "*ragged stone*."

160 *And darkness . . . dead*] The speaker invokes chaos to come again, and bury the victims of an universal strife, which shall extirpate mankind.

161 *This strained . . . lord*] The Folios omit this line. The Quarto assigns it to Sir John Umfrevile, who, according to line 34, is not present. Capell first gave it to Travers. Pope made it the opening words of Lord Bardolph's succeeding speech.

You cast the event of war, my noble lord,  
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said  
 "Let us make head." It was your presumise,  
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:  
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, 170  
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
 You were advised his flesh was capable  
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:  
 Yet did you say "Go forth;" and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be?

L. BARD. We all that are engaged to this loss 180  
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas  
 That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one;  
 And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed  
 Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;

166-179 *You cast . . . to be ?*] This passage first appeared in the First Folio.

168 *Let us make head*] Let us rise in rebellion.

169 *in the dole of blows*] in the distribution of blows.

170-171 *You knew . . . get o'er*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, iii, 190-193:

"matter deep and dangerous,

As full of peril and adventurous spirit

As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud

On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

174 *most trade of danger*] busiest traffic, greatest press of danger.

177 *stiff-borne*] obstinately maintained.

180 *engaged to*] involved in.

184 *the respect*] the consideration.

And since we are o'erset, venture again.  
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

MOR. 'T is more than time: and, my most noble lord,  
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,

The gentle Archbishop of York is up

With well-appointed powers: he is a man 190

Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord your son had only but the corpse,

But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;

For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,

As men drink potions, that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,

As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop 200

Turns insurrection to religion:

Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,

He's followed both with body and with mind;

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood

Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,

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189-209 *The gentle . . . follow him*] This passage first appeared in the  
First Folio.

190 *well-appointed*] well equipped.

196 *queasiness*] squeamishness, disgust, qualm.

204-205 *enlarge . . . Richard*] augments the number of his rebel fol-  
lowing by carrying about drops of the blood of King Richard as a  
hallowed relic.

207 *bestride*] stand over so as to protect.



Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more and less do flock to follow him.

NORTH. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth, 210  
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.  
Go in with me; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge:  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:  
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II—LONDON

## A STREET

*Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler*

FAL. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

PAGE. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

FAL. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here 10 walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have

1 *you giant*] an ironical reference to the page's diminutive stature.

*what says the doctor . . . water*] A reference to a common mode of medical diagnosis.

7 *foolish-compounded*] compounded of folly.

13 *set me off*] i. e., by way of contrast or foil.

no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm <sup>20</sup> of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 't is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

. PAGE. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band <sup>30</sup> and yours; he liked not the security.

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14 *mandrake*] a small plant with a root, thought to resemble the human figure.

16 *agate*] A reference to the miniature figures or heads engraved on agate stones, set in rings and brooches. Cf. *Much Ado*, III, i, 65: "An *agate* very vilely cut."

18 *juvenal*] youth.

21 a *face-royal*] a somewhat lame allusion to the coin known as the royal, worth ten shillings, on which the king's face was stamped. At line 23, where the word is repeated, the meaning is that the prince's face as little requires the barber's attention as the face stamped on the coin.

28 *slops*] broad breeches.

30 *band*] bond.

FAL. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should 40 have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

PAGE. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

FAL. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a

32-33 *the glutton . . . hotter*] an allusion to the parable of Dives and Lazarus, *Luke*, xvi, 24, where the rich glutton in the torments of hell-fire begs for water to cool his tongue.

33 *Achitophel*] a scriptural type of a false counsellor.

34 *yea-forsooth knave*] smooth-spoken, oily-mouthed fellow.

*bear . . . in hand*] delude with false promises.

35 *smooth-pates*] sleek-headed men.

37-38 *if a man is through with them in honest taking up*] if a man be in with them, if he transact business with them, in honestly buying on credit.

43-44 *horn of abundance . . . shines through it*] a punning allusion to three kinds of horns, viz., to the "cornucopia" or horn of plenty, to the transparent horned case of a lantern, and to the horns which were believed to grow on dishonoured husbands' heads.

48 *bought him in Paul's*] hired him in the nave of St. Paul's cathedral,

horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived. 50

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Servant*

PAGE. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FAL. Wait close; I will not see him.

CH. JUST. What's he that goes there?

SERV. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

CH. JUST. He that was in question for the robbery?

SERV. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

CH. JUST. What, to York? Call him back again. 60

SERV. Sir John Falstaff!

FAL. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

CH. JUST. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

SERV. Sir John!

FAL. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though 70 it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

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then a crowded promenade for the citizens of London and men seeking employment.

53 *Wait close*] keep out of sight.

59 *some charge*] some commission, in charge of a company of soldiers.

SERV. You mistake me, sir.

FAL. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

SERV. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FAL. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avaunt!

SERV. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

CH. JUST. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FAL. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

CH. JUST. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FAL. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

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82 *that which grows to me*] the knighthood and soldiership, which adhere to me. See lines 78-79.

85 *You hunt counter*] You are on the wrong scent.

93 *saltiness*] seasoning.

98 *discomfort*] anxiety.

CH. JUST. I talk not of his majesty<sup>1</sup>: you would not come when I sent for you. 100

FAL. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

CH. JUST. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

FAL. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

CH. JUST. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FAL. It hath it original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness. 111

CH. JUST. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FAL. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

CH. JUST. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician. 119

FAL. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be

114-116 *Very well . . . withal*] In the Quarto this speech is assigned to a character indicated *Old*. This is another relic of the name Sir John Oldcastle, which Falstaff bore in Shakespeare's first draft of the play, and which crept by error into the manuscript of this piece. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 40: "my *old* lad of the *castle*," and *Epilogue*, 29-30, *infra*, "Oldcastle died a martyr."

117 *To punish you by the heels*] To set you in the stocks.

your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

CH. JUST. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FAL. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

CH. JUST. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy. 130

FAL. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

CH. JUST. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

FAL. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

CH. JUST. You have misled the youthful prince.

FAL. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

CH. JUST. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 142

FAL. My lord?

CH. JUST. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

127-128 *my learned counsel . . . land-service*] one well acquainted with the annoying conditions or procedure of lawsuits of this kind.

138 *fellow . . . dog*] a dog commonly led about helpless old men, but there may be a reference to some well known beggar of the day — notably fat and blind — who was led about by a dog.

142 *your quiet o'er-posting*] your quietly getting clear of. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, III, i, 255: "His guilt should be but idly *posted over*."

FAL. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

CH. JUST. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FAL. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 150

CH. JUST. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

FAL. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

CH. JUST. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

FAL. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valor is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the

149 *A wassail candle*] A large candle used at festivals.

150 *of wax*] a pun on the word in the sense of "increase."

156 *your ill angel is light*] a quibble on the use of the word "angel" in the sense of the familiar coin (worth ten shillings); there is also a quibble on the word "light," which means not only "light in weight" (applied especially to bad coins) but "wanton."

158-159 *I cannot go . . . tell*] A continuation of the jest on the lightness of a bad coin: I cannot pass current: I cannot count as good weight.

159 *in these costermonger times*] in these mercenary times.

160 *bear-herd*] keeper of a tame bear.

*pregnancy*] readiness of intellect, mental cleverness.



heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

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CH. JUST. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

175

FAL. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

186

165 *livers*] passions: the liver was believed to be the seat of the passions.

166 *with the bitterness of your galls*] with your bilious asperities.

*vaward*] van, heyday.

169 *characters*] characteristics, marks.

173 *your wit single?*] your wit feeble? Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 64-65:

"O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!" (i. e., tenuity). "Single beer" is occasionally found in the sense of small or watery beer.

185-186 *marry . . . old sack*] These words are clearly spoken aside.

CH. JUST. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

FAL. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. 190

CH. JUST. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

FAL. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

---

196 *join*] come into action.

199 *never spit white again*] To spit white was reckoned by some Elizabethan writers as a sign of health, by others as a mark of thirst. But the phrase is now commonly applied to the effects on the palate of excessive drinking, and it is probable that Falstaff is threatening to forego further opportunity of free potations.

201-207 *but it was . . . motion*] This passage appears only in the Quarto; it was omitted from the Folios.

CH. JUST. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

209

FAL. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

CH. JUST. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*]

FAL. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

PAGE. Sir?

220

FAL. What money is in my purse?

PAGE. Seven groats and two pence.

FAL. I can get no remedy against this consumption of

213 *to bear crosses*] For the quibble on the two meanings of the phrase, viz., "endure hardship" and "carry coins," specifically known as "crosses," cf. *As you like it*, II, iv, 10: "I should bear no cross, if I did bear you."

215 *fillip me . . . beetle*] kill me outright; jerk or flip me with the heaviest of mallets. A three-man beetle was a large mallet or rammer with three handles, used for pile driving. According to an unsupported allegation of Steevens, Warwickshire boys played a game called "filliping the toad" — a sort of "tip-cat" — to which Steevens detected a reference here. According to Steevens, a piece of wood being balanced across a short log, a toad was placed at one end while the other end was sharply struck by a bat or mallet, so that the toad was tossed high in the air, falling down dead.

218-219 *both the degrees . . . curses*] both the steps or stages of life (age and youth) anticipate or justify my curses. Dyce substituted for *degrees* (which is the original reading) the word *diseases*.

the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.* 235

## SCENE III—YORK

## THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and  
BARDOLPH*

ARCH. Thus have you heard our cause and known  
our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How in our means we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

224 *lingers and lingers it out*] prolongs the malady unconscionably.

235 *commodity*] profit.

5 *well allow*] fully admit.

# THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

T

HAST. Our present musters grow upon the file 10  
 To five and twenty thousand men of choice;  
 And our supplies live largely in the hope  
 Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
 With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. BARD. The question then, Lord Hastings, stand-  
 eth thus;  
 Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
 May hold up head without Northumberland?

HAST. With him, we may.

L. BARD. Yea, marry, there's the point:  
 But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
 My judgement is, we should not step too far 20  
 Till we had his assistance by the hand;  
 For in a theme so bloody-faced as this  
 Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
 Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

ARCH. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed  
 It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. BARD. It was, my lord; who lined himself with  
 hope,  
 Eating the air on promise of supply,  
 Flattering himself in project of a power  
 Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: 30

---

10 *upon the file*] on the roll.

14 *an incensed fire of injuries*] a fire kindled by wrongs.

17 *hold up head*] maintain an attack.

21-24 *Till . . . admitted*] These lines are omitted in the Quarto.

27 *lined*] stiffened, strengthened; the figure is drawn from the lining of  
 a garment.

30 *Much smaller*] Which proved much smaller.

And so, with great imagination  
 Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
 And winking leap'd into destruction.

HAST. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
 To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. BARD. Yes, if this present quality of war,  
 Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,  
 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
 We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,  
 Hope gives not so much warrant as despair  
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model;  
 And when we see the figure of the house,

40

36-55 *Yes, if . . . or else*] These lines are omitted in the Quarto.

36-39 *Yes . . . appearing buds*] Thus the Folios. But the reading is quite unintelligible. Lord Bardolph clearly intends to argue that in certain conditions of warfare hope of success is dangerous, and is as liable to be blighted as buds in an early spring by frost. Two modes of emending the passage are possible. (1) In line 36 (*Yes if . . . war,*) substitute *in* for *if*, place a semicolon instead of a comma after *war*, while in line 37 (*Indeed the instant . . . on foot,*) delete the colon after *action*, and make *a cause on foot* a parenthesis. Then Lord Bardolph's words would mean: Yes (hope is dangerous) in this present sort or condition of warfare; indeed, any impending action, when war is once declared, merely relies on hope to the same extent as buds of an early spring, which there is every likelihood frost will destroy. (2) In line 37 for *Indeed* read *Induced*, and omit the comma after *foot*. Then Bardolph would mean: Yes (hope is a danger), if momentary military conditions induce precipitate action. A war once begun relies on hope merely with the assurance of early buds, &c. The first of these conjectures seems preferable.

42 *plot . . . model*] site . . . plan.

Then must we rate the cost of the erection;  
 Which if we find outweighs ability,  
 What do we then but draw anew the model  
 In fewer offices, or at least desist  
 To build at all? Much more, in this great work,  
 Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down  
 And set another up, should we survey 50  
 The plot of situation and the model,  
 Consent upon a sure foundation,  
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
 How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his opposite; or else  
 We fortify in paper and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men:  
 Like one that draws the model of a house  
 Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
 Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60  
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

HAST. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair  
 birth,  
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
 The utmost man of expectation,

---

47 *In fewer offices*] with fewer apartments.

52 *Consent*] Agrce.

53 *estate*] means.

55 *To weigh . . . opposite*] Taking into consideration both sides of the question; setting the likelihood that we are able to go through with the undertaking against the possibility of failing in it.  
*or else*] otherwise.

61 *A naked subject to*] a subject exposed to.

I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. BARD. What, is the king but five and twenty  
thousand?

HAST. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord  
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70  
Are in three heads: one power against the French,  
And one against Glendower; perforce a third  
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCH. That he should draw his several strengths  
together

And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

HAST. If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh 80  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. BARD. Who is it like should lead his forces  
hither?

HAST. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;

69 *To us*] As far as we know.

71 *against the French*] During Glendower's rebellion a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in his support.

73 *take up*] cope with.

82 *The Duke of Lancaster*] This is an inaccuracy. The reference is to Prince John of Lancaster, Prince Henry's younger brother, who was created Duke of Bedford long after these events, in the second year of Henry V's reign. Prince Henry ("Harry Monmouth") was the Duke of Lancaster of this period.



Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

ARCH.

Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90  
O thou fond many, with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times? 100  
They that, when Richard lived, would have him  
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head '  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Criest now "O earth, yield us that king again,

---

85-108 *Let us . . . worst*] The whole speech of the Archbishop is  
omitted from the Quarto.

91 *fond many*] foolish multitude.

92 *beat heaven*] shout to the vault of heaven.

94 *trimm'd . . . desires*] decked out, equipped as you wished.

---

And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accursed!  
Past and to come seems best; things present, worst. 108

MowB. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

HAST. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

109 *draw our numbers*] assemble our forces.

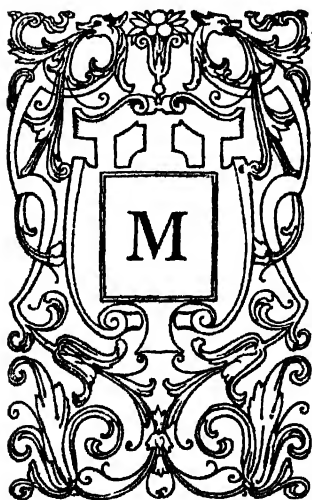


## ACT SECOND — SCENE I — LONDON

### A STREET

*Enter Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her, and SNARE following*

HOSTESS



MASTER FANG, HAVE YOU entered the action?

FANG. It is entered.

HOST. Where's your yeoman? Is 't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

FANG. Sirrah, where's Snare?

HOST. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

SNARE. Here, here.

FANG. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

HOST. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all. 10

SNARE. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

3 *yeoman*] attendant on the sheriff's officer, the bailiff's man.

HOST. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

FANG. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

HOST. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

FANG. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within 20 my vice, —

HOST. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long 30 one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and

16 *foin*] thrust.

21 *vice*] grip, clutch.

22 *going*] procedure.

23 *infinitive*] a blunder for infinite, *i. e.*, endless.

25 *saving your manhoods*] a farcical apology for mentioning so humble a locality.

26 *indited*] a blunder for invited.

27 *Lubber's-head in Lumbert street*] Leopard's-head in Lombard street.

28 *exion*] blunder for action (at law).

30 *A hundred mark . . . one*] An unpaid bill of a hundred marks is a long reckoning.

32 *fubbed off*] put off with excuses.

fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH*

FAL. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

FANG. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

FAL. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

HOST. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly, rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

FAL. Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG. A rescue! a rescue!

HOST. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou

37 *malmsey-nose*] a nose reddened with drinking malmsey wine.

40 *whose mare's dead?*] a comic colloquialism for "what's up?"

45 *quean . . . channel*] jade . . . gutter.

47 *bastardly*] blunder for "dastardly."

48 *honey-suckle*] blunder for "homicidal," like "honey-seed" in line 50.

50 *a man-queller*] a man-killer. The word, though something of an archaism, is found in contemporary literature.

wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ~~ta~~? do, do, thou  
rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

PAGE. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and his men*

CH. JUST. What is the matter? keep the peace here,  
ho!

HOST. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, 60  
stand to me.

CH. JUST. How now, Sir John! what are you brawl-  
ing here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?  
You should have been well on your way to York.  
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

HOST. O my most worshipful lord, an 't please your  
grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is ar-  
rested at my suit.

CH. JUST. For what sum?

HOST. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, 70  
all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home;  
he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:

55 *thou wo't, wo't ta?*] you will, will you?

56 *hemp-seed*] gallows-bird.

57 *rampallian*] riotous strumpet; a term of abuse employed by other  
writers of the day.

*fustilarian*] a word of similar significance; it is not found elsewhere,  
though "fustilugs" was occasionally applied to a fat person. It is  
probably a burlesque composite, crudely echoing the form "ram-  
pallian," of fusty, *i. e.*, mouldy fustian, *i. e.*, coarse cotton stuff.

Cf. II, iv, 179, *infra*: "*fustian rascal*."

58 *catastrophe*] posterior.

but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

FAL. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

CH. JUST. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

80

FAL. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

HOST. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in 90

74-75 *like the mare . . . ride the mare*] The hostess means by mare "nightmare." Falstaff's obscene retort takes cognizance of the circumstance that "to ride the mare" was a slang term for "to ascend the gallows."

83-84 *parcel-gilt*] gilt in parts. The embossed portions of a goblet of silver, pewter, or other metal were often gilded.

84 *Dolphin-chamber*] For the practice of naming tavern rooms in this fashion cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 26 and note.

85 *Wheeson*] blunder for "Whitsun."

86 *liking*] blunder for "likening."

90 *goodwife Keech*] "Keech" is the technical term of a roll of tallow prepared by butchers for the chandler. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 221 and note.

then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, <sup>99</sup> if thou canst.

FAL. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

CH. JUST. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. 112

HOSR. Yea, in truth, my lord.

CH. JUST. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the

<sup>91</sup> *mess*] small quantity.

<sup>96</sup> *familiarity*] Thus the Quarto. The Folios correct the word to *familiar*.

<sup>99</sup> *book-oath*] bible-oath, oath sworn on the bible.

<sup>102</sup> *in good case*] in a good position, well off.

<sup>109</sup> *a level consideration*] an impartial point of view.



one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

FAL. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. 124

CH. JUST. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

FAL. Come hither, hostess.

*Enter GOWER*

CH. JUST. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. 131

FAL. As I am a gentleman.

HOST. Faith, you said so before.

FAL. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

HOST. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be

116-117 *sterling . . . current*] The chief justice seems addicted to 'nismatic punning. Cf. I, ii, 212-213, *supra*.

118 *undergo this sneap*] submit to this rebuke.

120 *make courtesy*] make signs of subservience.

126 *in the effect of your reputation*] in the manner suitable to your position.

129 *Master Gower*] This messenger is probably the poet Gower, who adhered to Henry IV. The poet figures in another capacity in the play of *Pericles*.

136-137 *I must be fain*] I must be content.

fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

138

FAL. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 't were not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me: dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

HOSR. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith. I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

FAL. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

151

139 *Glasses . . . drinking*] Persons of fashion at the time only used cups or tankards of glass; metal drinking cups had gone out of vogue.

140-142 *a pretty . . . bed-hangings*] Falstaff is extolling a new and light fashion of decorating the walls of rooms and deprecating the old-fashioned heavy tapestry. By "water-work" is meant (as opposed to "oil painting") "water colours" or distemper, which might be wrought either on canvas or on wood. "Drollery" is a humorous incident; "the story of the Prodigal" means a sketch of that scriptural tale; "the German hunting" would mean the presentation of a boar hunt.

143 *Let it be ten pound, if thou canst*] The impudent knight is actually extorting a new loan of his victim.

145 *draw*] withdraw

148 *twenty nobles*] £6 13s. 4d.; a noble was worth 6s. 8d.

HOST. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

FAL. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

HOST. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FAL. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

CH. JUST. I have heard better news. 160

FAL. What's the news, my lord?

CH. JUST. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

FAL. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

CH. JUST. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

FAL. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

CH. JUST. You shall have letters of me presently: 171 Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

FAL. My lord!

CH. JUST. What's the matter?

FAL. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

155 *Will I live?*] As sure as life.

156 *hook on*] hold fast to her.

163 *Basingstoke*] The Folios' correction of the Quarto reading *Billingsgate*.

CH. JUST. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being  
you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go. 180

FAL. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

CH. JUST. What foolish master taught you these  
manners, Sir John?

FAL. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was  
a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing  
grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

CH. JUST. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a  
great fool. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II - LONDON

## ANOTHER STREET

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS*

PRINCE. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

POINS. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness  
durst not have attached one of so high blood.

PRINCE. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the  
complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it  
not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

POINS. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied  
as to remember so weak a composition.

PRINCE. Belike then my appetite was not princely got;  
for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, 10  
small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations

179 *being*] seeing that.

187 *lighten*] enlighten.

3 *attached*] seized.

7 *loosely studied*] frivolously disposed.

10-11 *poor creature, small beer*] Cf. *Othello*, II, iii, 299-300: "*good wine  
is a good familiar creature.*"

make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

20 racket] a pun on a tennis "racquet," and a "racket" in the sense of "disorder."

21-22 low countries . . . holland] a popular geographical jest; "the Netherlands," or "low countries," was jocose slang for the lower part of the body or the posteriors. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, III, ii, 136-137 (of a farcical account of the person of a kitchen-wench): "Where stood Belgia, the *Netherlunds*? Oh, sir, I did not look so low." "Holland" or Dutch linen fetched a high price in England. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 70-71: "*holland* of eight shillings an ell." The general sense of the passage would appear to be that Poins's sensual indulgences have cost him his linen underclothes.

22-26 and God knows . . . strengthened] This passage is omitted from the Folios on account of its assumed profanity. It appears only in the Quarto.

24 children] a somewhat incoherent allusion to bastard children with whom the prince jestingly credits Poins. The babies' yells direct attention to their ragged covering.

25 kindreds] families.

POINS. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is? . 50

PRINCE. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

POINS. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

PRINCE. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

POINS. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

PRINCE. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too. 40

POINS. Very hardly upon such a subject.

PRINCE. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

POINS. The reason?

PRINCE. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep? 50

---

28 *you should talk so idly*] A just comment on the prince's frivolous incoherence.

35 *stand the push*] am equal to the thrust. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, III, ii, 66.

43 *in the devil's book*] in the devil's good books. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 64.

47 *ostentation*] show or manifestation. The word in Elizabethan literature lacked the notion of boastfulness, now attaching to the word.

POINS. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

PRINCE. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINS. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

PRINCE. And to thee. 60

POINS. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page*

PRINCE. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

BARD. God save your grace! 70

PRINCE. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

BARD. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now?

54 *road-way*] beaten track.

56 *accites*] an unusual form of "excites;" cf. V, ii, 141, *infra*, for "accite" in the normal sense of "cite" or "summon."

59 *engrafted*] attached.

64 *a proper . . . hands*] a handsome fellow of my inches. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iv, 23: "as tall a man of *his hands*."

What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

PAGE. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could disœern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

80

PRINCE. Has not the boy profited?

BARD. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

PRINCE. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

PAGE. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

PRINCE. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 't is, boy.

POINS. O, that this good blossom could be kept 90 from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

76 *a red lattice*] a tavern window. Cf. note in *M. Wives*, II, ii, 23:

"red-lattice phrases." Here there is a jest on Bardolph's red nose.

82 *upright*] on its hind legs.

83-86 *Althæa's dream . . . her dream*] Two mythological fables are confused here. Hecuba (not Althæa) dreamt just before the birth of her son Paris that she was delivered of a firebrand which should consume Troy. See Ovid's *Heroides*, xvi, 45-46. Althæa's firebrand belongs to a different myth; on the preservation of a certain firebrand from fire depended the continuance of the life of Althæa's son Meleager of Calydon; the classical fable of "Althæa's brand" is accurately described in 2 *Hen. VI*, I, i, 229-230. Its "locus classicus" is Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, viii, 260-547.

91 *cankers*] canker-worms, caterpillars.



BARD. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

PRINCE. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARD. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

POINS. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master?

BARD. In bodily health, sir.

99

POINS. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

PRINCE. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

POINS. [*Reads*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the king's blood spilt." "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

98 *the martlemas*] Martinmas: a reference to the warm summer weather which occasionally distinguishes the date of St. Martin's day, 11 November. Falstaff's gaiety in the winter of his age has already been likened to "Allhallown summer." 1 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 152. There may be a further reference here to "Martlemas beef." Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, II, ii, 151. Cattle were specially fattened for consumption on St. Martin's day. Falstaff has already been called "sweet beef." 1 *Hen. IV*, III, iii, 176.

102 *this wen*] this swollen excrescence of a man.

111 *a borrower's cap*] a borrower's salutation. Theobald's ingenious emendation of the original reading *a borrowed cap*.

PRINCE. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter: 113

POINS. [*Reads*] "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting." Why, this is a certificate.

PRINCE. Peace!

POINS. [*Reads*] "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity: " he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell. 123

"Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe."

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it. 129

PRINCE. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

POINS. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so. 134

PRINCE. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

BARD. Yea, my lord.

PRINCE. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? 140

118 *I will imitate . . . brevity*] A reference to Cæsar's famous despatch, "veni, vidi, vici." Cf. Falstaff's remark, IV, iii, 40-41, *infra*.

140 *frank*] pigsty. Cf. *Rich. III.*, I, iii, 314, "*frank'd up*," and note.

BARD. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

PRINCE. What company?

PAGE. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

PRINCE. Sup any women with him?

PAGE. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

PRINCE. What pagan may that be?

PAGE. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. 149

PRINCE. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINS. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

PRINCE. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

BARD. I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

PRINCE. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*]  
This Doll Tearsheet should be some road. 160

POINS. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

PRINCE. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself

143 *Ephesians*] bloods, men of mettle. Cf. *M. Wives*, IV, v, 16, "thine host thine *Ephesian* calls," and *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 11, the use of "Corinthian."

160 *road*] prostitute.

163 *bestow himself*] Deport himself, behave, as in *As you like it*, IV, iii, 85-86: "The boy . . . bestows himself like a ripe sister."

to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINS. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

PRINCE. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III -- WARKWORTH

## BEFORE THE CASTLE

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and  
LADY PERCY

NORTH. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle  
daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs:  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

---

167 *descension*] Thus the Quarto. The Folios read *declension*. There is an obvious reference to the story of Jupiter's surprise of Europa in the shape of a bull, which is told at length in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, ii, 846-876, and is many times referred to by Shakespeare. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, i, 51: "the goodly *transformation* of Jupiter."

170 *the purpose . . . folly*] the plan must be governed by the levity inspiring it.

LADY N. I have given over, I will speak no more:  
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTH. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

LADY P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these  
wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10  
When you were more endear'd to it than now;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
'Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.  
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!  
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun  
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light  
Did all the chivalry of England move 20  
To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:  
He had no legs that practised not his gait;  
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

---

11 *more endear'd*] more seriously bound.

21 *glass*] Cf. *Pericles*, I, iv, 27: "Like one another's *glass* to trim them by,"  
and *Hamlet*, III, i, 153: "The *glass* of fashion and the mould of  
form."

23-45 *He had . . . grave*] This passage first appears in the Folios.

24 *speaking thick*] crowding words together.

To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood, 30  
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
 That fashioned others. And him, O wondrous him!  
 O miracle of men! him did you leave,  
 Second to none, unseconded by you,  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage; to abide a field  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible: so you left him.  
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice 40  
 With others than with him! let them alone:  
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong:  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave. •

NORTH. Beshrew your heart,  
 Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me  
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
 But I must go and meet with danger there,  
 Or it will seek me in another place  
 And find me worse provided.

31 *the mark and glass*] the example and mirror. Cf. line 21, *supra*, and  
*Inuerece*, 615-616:

"For princes are *the glass, the school, the book*,  
 Where subjects' eyes do learn."

38 *defensible*] able to furnish means of defence, able to meet attack.

40 *To hold . . . nice*] To be more scrupulous in keeping your word.

45 *Monmouth's grave*] Prince Henry's grave. Cf. *Ind.*, 29 and note.

LADY N. O, fly to Scotland, 50  
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons  
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

LADY P. If they get ground and vantage of the  
king,  
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves. So did your son;  
 He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;  
 And never shall have length of life enough  
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60  
 For recordation to my noble husband.

NORTH. Come, come, go in with me. 'T is with my  
mind  
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way:  
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
 I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
 Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

---

52 *Have . . . taste*] Have made some little test or trial of their power.

53 *get ground and vantage*] gain ground and advantage, get the better.

59 *To rain . . . eyes*] To water his memory.

## SCENE IV — LONDON

*THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN IN EASTCHEAP**Enter two Drawers*

FIRST DRAW. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

SEC. DRAW. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

FIRST DRAW. Why, then, cover, and set them down: 10 and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

SEC. DRAW. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

---

2 *apple-johns*] apples with shrivelled skins. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.*, III, iii, 4:  
"withered like an old *apple-john*."

10 *cover*] lay the table.

11 *noise*] company of musicians.



FIRST DRAW. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem. 20

SEC. DRAW. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEARSHEET

HOST. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say "What's this?" How do you now?

DOL. Better than I was: hem! 30

HOST. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF

FAL. [Singing] "When Arthur first in court" — Empty the jordan. [Exit First Drawer.] — [Singing] "And was a worthy king." How now, Mistress Doll!

HOST. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

19 *old utis*] fine fun or sport. "Utis" is said to be a form of the French "huitas," i. e., "octave," the eighth day after a church festival, which was often devoted to wild merriment. "Old" is a colloquial intensive.

23 *temperality . . . pulsidge*] temperature . . . pulse; both words belong to the Hostess's peculiar dialect.

33-34 *When Arthur . . . king*] The first two lines of a popular Arthurian ballad, *Sir Launcelot du Lake*, which opens in Percy's *Reliques*: "When Arthur first in court began And was approved king."

36 *calm*] qualm.

FAL. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

DOL. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

40

FAL. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

DOL. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FAL. If the cook help to make the gluttony; you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

DOL. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

FAL. "Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:" for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to sur-  
gery bravely, to venture upon the charged chambers bravely, —

DOL. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

HOST. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-

37 *sect*] *sex*.

48 "*Your brooches . . . ouches*" A quotation from some popular song.

"Ouches" were rich jewelled trinkets.

51 *charged chambers*] loaded pieces of ordnance. There is much obscene quibbling here.

52 *conger*] fat conger-eel.

55 *rheumatic*] blunder for choleric, splenetic.

56 *confirmities*] blunder for infirmities.

*What the good-year*] What in good fortune? "Good-year" has been

year! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bour-  
deaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better  
stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee,  
Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall  
ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter First Drawer*

FIRST DRAW. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOL. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

HOST. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

FAL. Dost thou hear, hostess?

HOST. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

FAL. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

HOST. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before 80

---

interpreted without authority as a corruption of a French word "goujère," the venereal disease. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iv, 110, and note.  
65 *Ancient*] here the colloquial corruption of "Ensign." Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, IV, ii, 23.

79 *Tilly-fally*] Hoity-toity, fiddle-faddle.

Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me, 't was no longer ago than Wednesday last, "I good faith, neighbour Quickly," says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; "neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name:" now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." There comes none here: you would <sup>90</sup> bles you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

FAL. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. *[Exit First Drawer.]*

HOST. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love

80-81 *Master Tisick, the deputy*] The name implies that the officer (the deputy of the ward) was pury and short-winded. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 114-115, and note.

83 *Master Dumbe*] This epithet was commonly applied to the clergy, who forbore to preach, and only read homilies prescribed by authority.

92 *a tame cheater*] The expression recalls "the silly cheat," i. e., the silly dupe of *Wint. Tale*, IV, iii, 27. Falstaff is assuring the hostess that Pistol is a harmless fellow. The word "cheater" was often used for a "gamester" without suggestion of dishonesty on his part, but rather for an honest player who was the prey of sharpers. The hostess, 97-98, *infra*, mistakes the word for "escheater," i. e., revenue-officer. In line 131 "cheater" is used in its ordinary modern sense.

94 *Barbary hen*] Cf. *As you like it*, IV, i, 134, "*Barbary cock pigeon*," and note.

swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you. 100

DOL. So you do, hostess.

HOST. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 't were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page*

PIST. God save you, Sir John!

FAL. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

PIST. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets. 109

FAL. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

HOST. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PIST. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOL. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PIST. I know you, Mistress Dorothy. 119

DOL. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away,

120 *bung*] sharper, thief. "To nip a bung" in thieves' language is to "cut a purse" or pick a pocket.

122 *cuttle*] cutpurse; perhaps a reference to "the cuttle-bung," in thieves' language the knife used for slitting purses.

you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt, stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

PIST. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

FAL. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol. 129

HOST. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

DOL. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy;" which was an excellent good word before

123 *basket-hilt stale juggler*] an used-up swordsman.

*Since when*] An exclamation of incredulity.

124 *two points . . . shoulder*] a reference to the epaulettes or shoulder-knots on Pistol's uniform.

126-129 *God . . . Pistol*] The Folios omit this passage save Pistol's words, *I will murder your ruff for this*.

137-138 *he lives . . . cakes*] he lives upon the waste provisions of brothels and pastry shops. For "stewed prunes" cf. *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 112, and note.

139 *the word "occupy"*] The word had acquired at the time an obscene sense. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Timber* (ed. Schelling, p. 50): "Many out of their own obscene apprehensions refuse proper and fit words; as *occupy*."

it was ill sorted; therefore captains had need look to 't. 141

BARD. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FAL. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

PIST. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

PAGE. Pray thee, go down.

PIST. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say 'I. Down, down, dogs! down, traitors! Have we not Hiren here? 151

HOST. Good Captain Peezel, be quiet; 't is very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

PIST. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,  
And hollow pamp'rd jades of Asia,

149 *Hold hook and line*] An irrelevant quotation from an old fishing song.  
150 *traitors*] traitors, rascals, evil-doers.

*Have we not Hiren here?*] A slang interrogation frequently met with in the Elizabethan drama. It is probably a scrap of bombast from a lost play by George Peele, entitled *The Turkish Mahomet and the fair Greek Hiren* (where Hiren stands for Irene). Here 'apparently Pistol associates the word "Hiren" with "iron," and touches his sword. When he repeats the phrase at line 165, the hostess interprets the word as "siren," or loose woman, in which sense it is occasionally found in contemporary literature.

155-156 *And hollow . . . day*] A parody on lines in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, Part II, IV, iv, 1-2. "Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia! What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?" Marlowe's "jades" were the kings who were yoked like horses to Tamburlaine's chariot.

Which cannot go but thirty mile a day,  
 Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,  
 And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with  
 King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.  
 Shall we fall foul for toys?

160

HOST. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARD. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a  
 brawl anon.

, PIST. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins!  
 Have we not Hiren here?

, HOST. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.  
 What the good-year! do you think I would deny her?  
 For God's sake, be quiet.

PIST. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come,  
 give's some sack.

170

"Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento."

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

157 *Cannibals*] Blunder for "Hannibals." Conversely, Elbow, in *Meas. for Meas.*, II, i, 170, speaks of "Hannibal" where he means "cannibal."

167 *What the good-year!*] See line 56, *supra*, and note.

169 *Then feed . . . Calipolis*] A parody on two lines from Peele's play, *The Battle of Alcazar* (1594), Act II, Sc. iii: "Feed then and faint not, fair Calipolis, . . . *Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe."

171 "*Si fortune . . . contento*" ] A misreading of an Italian jingling proverb, which should read, "*Si fortuna me tormenta, la speranza me contenta*" (If fortune torment me, hope contents me). Pistol quotes the words again, V, v, 97, *infra*.

174 *Come we . . . nothing?*] Shall we finish here and have no supplementary merriment. "Full points" are full stops.



FAL. Pistol, I would be quiet.

PIST. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf: what! we have seen the seven stars.

DOL. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

PIST. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags? 181

FAL. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

BARD. Come, get you down stairs.

PIST. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [Snatching up his sword.]  
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!  
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds  
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

176 *neaf*] fist; a north country word.

176-177 *we have seen the seven stars*] we have rioted together by starlight. The "seven stars" are the Pleiades, or Charles' wain.

179 *a fustian rascal*] a ranting rogue.

180 *Galloway nags*] the poorest breed of hackney horses.

182 *Quoit him . . . shove-groat shilling*] Pitch him down like a shove-groat shilling, i. e., the broad shilling piece which was commonly used in the popular game of shovel-board, a rudimentary form of bagatelle. See note on *M. Wives*, I, i, 139, where the same coins are called "Edward shovel-boards." The epithet "*shove-groat*" is supposed to preserve an allusion to the fact that, before the introduction of shilling pieces, groat pieces were the ordinary counters on the shovel-board.

186 *imbrue*] draw blood.

187 *Then death . . . asleep*] a quotation from a popular song, attributed to Anne Boleyn.

189 *Untwine . . . I say!*] The reference is to the Three Fates, of whom

HOST. Here's goodly stuff toward!

190

FAL. Give me my rapier, boy.

DOL. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

FAL. Get you down stairs.

*[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.]*

HOST. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

*[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.]*

DOL. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

HOST. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

201

*Re-enter BARDOLPH*

FAL. Have you turned him out o' doors?

BARD. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

FAL. A rascal! to brave me!

DOL. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops: ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth

---

Atropos filled the office of cutting the thread of human life. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 327-328: "O sisters three, Come, come to me."

190 *Here's goodly stuff toward!*] Here's fine trouble coming.

195 *terrors*] perhaps "terrors;" like "worrits" for worries.

201 *shrewd*] bad, grievous.

208 *chops*] fat-chops. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 131.

five of Agamemnop, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain! 211

FAL. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOL. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

*Enter Music*

PAGE. The music is come, sir.

FAL. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee,  
Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver. 219

DOL. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

*Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised*

FAL. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

DOL. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

FAL. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well.

DOL. They say Poins has a good wit. 229

FAL. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's

210 *the Nine Worthies*] See *L. L. L.*, V, i, 102, and note.

221 *tidy Bartholomew boar-pig*] a goodly sort of pig, such as was roasted whole at Bartholomew's fair, the great annual fair of London.

"Tidy" is found in the various senses of "timely" (*i. e.*, ripe), "fat," and "neat" (*i. e.*, dapper).

222 *joining*] thrusting.

228 *pantler*] pantry-man.

as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

DOL. Why does the prince love him so, then?

FAL. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joined-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois. 244

PRINCE. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

231 *Tewksbury mustard*] Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire was long famed for the manufacture of mustard.

235 *conger and fennel*] conger eel and fennel sauce. The dish was regarded as an aphrodisiac.

236 *drinks off . . . flap-dragons*] a reference to the game of snap-dragon. Raisins were usually thrown into burning spirit to be rescued from the flames and eaten by the players. "Candles' ends" ludicrously misrepresents the ordinary procedure.

*rides the wild-mare*] plays see-saw.

239-240 *breeds no bate . . . stories*] breeds no quarrelling or dissatisfaction by telling modest stories; in other words, his indecencies satisfy all demands.

240-241 *gambol faculties*] skittish capacities.

245 *this nave of a wheel*] this round wheel, in allusion to Falstaff's rotundity. Shakespeare uses "the round nave" for "the round wheel" in *Hamlet*, II, ii, 490.

POINS. Let's beat him before his whore.

PRINCE. Look, whether the withered elder hath not  
his poll clawed like a parrot. 249

POINS. Is it not strange that desire should so many  
years outlive performance?

FAL. Kiss me, Doll.

PRINCE. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!  
what says the almanac to that?

POINS. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man,  
be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book,  
his counsel-keeper.

FAL. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

DOL. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant  
heart. 260

FAL. I am old, I am old.

DOL. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy  
young boy of them all.

FAL. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive

248 *the withered elder*] a punning allusion to the elder tree; cf. 319,  
*infra*, "thou dead elm," and *Cymb.*, IV, ii, 60, "the stinking  
elder."

249 *his poll* . . . *parrot*] his head scratched as the parrots are wont to  
have their heads scratched.

253 *Saturn and Venus*] These planets are most rarely in conjunction,  
according to astronomical observation.

255-257 *the fiery Trigon* . . . *counsel-keeper*] Poins means that Bardolph  
is courting the Hostess, Falstaff's old mistress. "Fiery Trigon"  
is an astrological term; the three "fiery" signs of the zodiac, Aries,  
Leo, and Sagittarius, were supposed to form in certain planetary  
conditions of the heavens "trigonum igneum," *i. e.*, the fiery triangle.  
"Tables" means tablets, memorandum-books, account-books.

264 *kirtle*] petticoat.

money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

DOL. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end. 270

FAL. Some sack, Francis.

PRINCE. }

POINS. } Anon, anon, sir. [Coming forward.

FAL. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

PRINCE. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

FAL. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

PRINCE. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears. 280

HOST. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

FAL. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

DOL. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

POINS. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

PRINCE. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely

274 *Poins' his*] Poins's; a common form of the genitive.

288 *take . . . the heat*] strike while the iron's hot.

289 *candle-mine*] mine or pit of tallow.

did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman ! 291

HOST. God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

FAL. Didst thou hear me ?

PRINCE. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill : you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FAL. No, no, no ; not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

PRINCE. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you. 301

FAL. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour ; no abuse.

PRINCE. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what ?

FAL. No abuse, Hal.

POINS. No abuse ?

FAL. No abuse, Ned, i' the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him ; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal : none, Ned, none : no, faith, boys, none. 312

PRINCE. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked ? is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is thy boy of the wicked ?

303 *Not to dispraise me*] (Is it) not (abuse) to dispraise me ?

315 *to close with us*] in order to humour us, to rebut our charges.

or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

POINS. Answer, thou dead elm, answer. 319

FAL. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

PRINCE. For the women?

FAL. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

HOST. No, I warrant you. 329

FAL. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

HOST. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

PRINCE. You, gentlewoman, —

DOL. What says your grace?

FAL. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[Knocking within.]

319 *dead elm*] Cf. line 248, *supra*: "withered elder." The allusion is to the poor support Falstaff gives Doll Tearsheet, who is implicitly likened to a vine. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, II, ii, 173: "Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine."

327 *burns poor souls*] gives the burning fever of (venereal) disease to poor souls.

332 *suffering flesh . . . house*] The law forbade victuallers to sell flesh during Lent.

338 *His grace*] A pun on the word in its theological meaning of spiritual grace; *i. e.*, the spiritual state essential to the soul's salvation.



HOST. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis. 340

*Enter PETO*

PRINCE. Peto, how now! what news?

PETO. The king your father is at Westminster;  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met and overtook a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south 350  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

*[Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.]*

FAL. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night,  
and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. *[Knocking within.]* More knocking at the door!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH*

How now! what's the matter?

BARD. You must away to court, sir, presently;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you. 359

350 *the south*] the south wind, which, according to Shakespeare, invariably denoted rain and tempest.

351 *Borne with*] Burdened with.

354 *sweetest . . . night*] Cf. V, iii, 49-50, *infra*: "the sweet of the night."

FAL. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

DOL. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FAL. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.*]

HOST. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well. 371

BARD. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet!

HOST. What's the matter?

BARD. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

HOST. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come. [*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*]

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376 (stage direction) *She comes blubbered*] In the quarto these words form part of the text. The Folios omit them. Dyce first treated them as a stage direction.

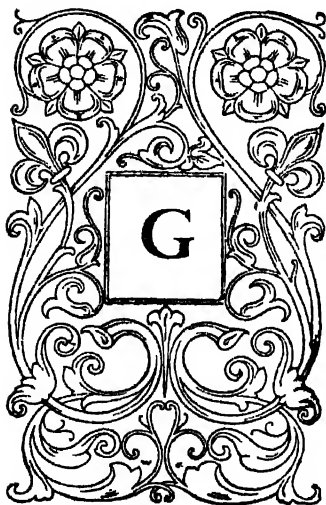


ACT THIRD — SCENE I — WESTMINSTER

THE PALACE

*Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page*

KING



GO CALL THE EARLS OF  
Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them  
o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them: make  
goodspeed. *[Exit Page.]*

How many thousand of my poor-  
est subjects

Are at this hour asleep! O  
sleep, O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I  
frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh  
my eyelids down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,

ACT III, SCENE I. The whole of this scene is omitted from most copies  
of the Quarto; but it is found in a few, on two inserted leaves.

(stage direction) *nightgown*] dressing-gown.

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down! 30  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

9 *cribs*] hovels.

16-17 *and leavest . . . 'larum bell?*] The kingly couch becomes in the absence of sleep the post of a watchful sentry, or a bell ready to give the alarm in case of danger. "Watch-case" is a watchman's box, a sentry box.

24 *slippery clouds*] The clouds give the waves no griphold.

25 *hurly*] uproar.

30 *happy low, lie down*] This is the original reading, which many editors change needlessly. The meaning is "ye who are happy in your humble lots, sleep in peace."

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY*

WAR. Many good morrows to your majesty !

KING. Is it good morrow, lords ?

WAR. 'T is one o'clock, and past.

KING. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.  
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

WAR. We have, my liege.

KING. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
How foul it is ; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

WAR. It is but as a body yet distemper'd ;  
Which to his former strength may be restored  
With good advice and little medicine :  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

KING. O God ! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean 50  
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration

33 *Is it good morrow?*] Is it morning?

41 *distemper'd*] out of condition.

47-49 *Make mountains level . . . Into the sea!*] Shakespeare develops the same idea in *Sonnet* lxiv, 5-10 : "When I have seen the hungry ocean gain Advantage on the kingdom of the shore, . . . When I have seen such interchange of state, Or state itself confounded to decay."

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
 'T is not ten years gone  
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and in two years after  
 Were they at wars: it is but eight years since 60  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by —  
 You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember — [*To Warwick.*]  
 When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,

58-56 *O, if . . . and die*] These lines appear only in the Quarto.

55 *What perils past . . . ensue*] Surveying the perils, however great, through which he has passed, and foreseeing the amount of crosses that are likely to follow.

60 *eight years since*] The period referred to must be sometime in 1399. Hence this scene would take place in 1407. But the report of Glendower's death announced at line 103 is dated by Holinshed in 1409. Little attention is paid historical chronology throughout the play.

66 *cousin Nevil*] There is confusion here. The king is addressing Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. No member of the Neville family at the time bore that title. The contemporary head of the Neville family was Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, who figures in this play along with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. It was the Earl of Westmoreland's grandson, Richard Neville, the "king-maker," who was the first Earl of Warwick of the Neville family.

67-71 *When Richard . . . throne*] This scene is described in *Rich. II.*, V, i, 51-102.

Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,  
 Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?  
 "Northumberland, thou ladder by the which 70  
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"  
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:  
 "The time shall come," thus did he follow it,  
 "The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
 Shall break into corruption:" so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time's condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

WAR. There is a history in all men's lives, 80  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased;  
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
 And weak beginnings lie intresured.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
 And by the necessary form of this  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,

72 *I had no such intent*] I should have had no such intent. As a matter of fact, Bolingbroke had already ascended the throne before this interview of Northumberland with King Richard.

75-76 *The time shall come . . . will come*] The slight variation of the phrase on its repetition is a very natural touch.

85 *intresured*] stored up.

86 *hatch and brood*] offspring and progeny.

87 *necessary form of this*] inevitable course of this ("history in all men's lives" — line 80).

Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you. 90

KING. Are these things then necessities?  
Then let us meet them like necessities:  
And that same word even now cries out on us:  
They say the bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

WAR. It cannot be, my lord;  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd. ♫ Please it your grace  
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent forth 100  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have received  
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.  
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;  
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add  
Unto your sickness.

KING. I will take your counsel:  
And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

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103 *instance*] proof.

*Glendower is dead*] See line 60, *supra*, and note.

105 *unseason'd*] unseasonable. Cf. line 34, *supra*.



SCENE II — GLOUCESTERSHIRE

BEFORE JUSTICE SHALLOW'S HOUSE

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, a Servant or two with them*

SHAL. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence? ‘

SIL. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHAL. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

SIL. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

SHAL. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not? 10

SIL. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHAL. A’ must, then, to the inns o’ court shortly: I was once of Clement’s Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SIL. You were called “lusty Shallow” then, cousin.

SHAL. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and

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3 *by the rood*] by the holy cross.

7 *ousel*] blackbird. The speaker civilly deprecates praise of his daughter.

Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, i, 115: “The *ousel* cock, so *black* of hue.”

8 *By yea and nay*] Without question.

17 *roundly*] bluntly, unceremoniously.

black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge- 20 bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

SIL. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

SHAL. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight 30 with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

SIL. We shall all follow, cousin.

SHAL. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure:

20 *Cotswold*] Shakespeare's familiarity with the district of the Cotswold hills, where wrestling, coursing, and other sports and athletic exercises were especially practised, is further illustrated in *M. Wives*, I, i, 80: "I heard say he [*i. e.*, your fallow greyhound] was outrun on *Cotsall* [*i. e.*, Cotswold]."

*swingebucklers*] swashbucklers, roisterers.

22 *bona-robas*] courtesans. Cf. line 200, *infra*.

24-25 *Falstaff* . . . *Norfolk*] This was true of Sir John Oldcastle, whose name the character of Falstaff bore in Shakespeare's first draft. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 40, and I, ii, 114, *supra*, and *Epilogue*, 29-30, *infra*.

29 *Skogan*] probably an anachronistic reference to John Scogan, Edward IV's fool, of whose exploits many traditions survived to Shakespeare's day. There was a Henry Scogan, tutor to Henry IV's sons, who was unlikely to have fought with Falstaff.

30 *a crack*] a pert boy.

death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SIL. By my troth, I was not there.

SHAL. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet? 40

SIL. Dead, sir.

SHAL. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

SIL. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds. 50

SHAL. And is old Double dead?

SIL. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him*

BARD. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHAL. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of

---

37 *How*] How much, what is the price of? Cf. line 48, *infra*.

45 *clapped i' the clout*] landed in the bull's-eye of the target at a distance of twelve-score yards.

46 *forehand shaft*] The heavier class of arrow, especially used for long-distance aim.

46-47 *a fourteen and fourteen and a half*] fourteen or even fourteen and a half score of yards.

48 *How*] See 37, *supra*.

49 *Thereafter as they be*] That depends on their condition.

this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

BARD. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, 60 and a most gallant leader.

SHAL. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARD. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

SHAL. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of "ac- 70 commodo:" very good; a good phrase.

BARD. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

SHAL. It is very just.

80

60 *tall*] fine, valiant.

63 *back-sword*] single-stick.

65 *accommodated*] furnished, equipped. The word was regarded as somewhat affected. Ben Jonson numbers it in his *Timber* (ed. Schelling, p. 71) among "the perfumed terms of the time."

73 *I know not the phrase*] I know not the term "phrase."

75-76 *of exceeding good command*] of first-rate authority.

# THE SECOND PART OF      ACT III

Enter FALSTAFF

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

FAL. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

SHAL. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

FAL. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace. 90

SIL. Your good worship is welcome.

FAL. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

SHAL. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FAL. Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHAL. Where 's'the roll? where 's the roll? where 's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy? 100

MOUL. Here, an't please you.

SHAL. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

83 *you like well*] you are in good condition. Thus the Quarto. The Folios read *you look well*. "Liking" is frequently found in the sense of "good health."

86 *Master Surecard*] a colloquial term for a boon companion.

103 *of good friends*] of a sound stock.

FAL. Is thy name Mouldy?

MOUL. Yea, an 't please you.

FAL. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

FAL. Prick him.

110

MOUL. I was pricked well enough before; an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FAL. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

MOUL. Spent!

SHAL. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: *Simon Shadow!*

121

FAL. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

SHAL. Where's Shadow?

SHAD. Here, sir.

FAL. Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHAD. My mother's son, sir.

FAL. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the

110 *Prick him*] Mark him, by pricking a hole in the paper against the name.

111 *I was pricked well enough before*] for this unedifying quibbling cf. *Sonnet* xx, 13: "But since she *prick'd* thee out for women's pleasure."

male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance! 131

SHAL. Do you like him, Sir John?

FAL. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

SHAL. Thomas Wart!

FAL. Where's he?

WART. Here, sir.

FAL. Is thy name Wart?

WART. Yea, sir.

FAL. Thou art a very ragged wart. 140

SHAL. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

FAL. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

SHAL. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

FEE. Here, sir.

SHAL. What trade art thou, Feeble?

FEE. A woman's tailor, sir.

SHAL. Shall I prick him, sir? 150

FAL. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he 'ld ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEE. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

134 *a number of shadows*] mere names, fictitious entries.

153 *battle*] battalion, army.

FAL. Well said, good woman's' tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be' as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

FEE. I would Wart might have gone, sir. 160

FAL. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEE. It shall suffice, sir.

FAL. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

SHAL. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

FAL. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

BULL. Here, sir. 170

FAL. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

BULL. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

FAL. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

BULL. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

FAL. What disease hast thou?

BULL. A wholesome cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir. 179

FAL. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we

---

158 *magnanimous*] great-souled, heroic.

163 *put him to*] make of him, turn him into.

164 *many thousands*] a reference to the verminous denizens of Wart's rags.



THE SECOND PART OF      ACT III

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will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

SHAL. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FAL. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

SHAL. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field? 190

FAL. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHAL. Ha! 't was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

FAL. She lives, Master Shallow.

SHAL. She never could away with me.

FAL. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

SHAL. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

FAL. Old, old, Master Shallow. 201

SHAL. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but

181 *order*] measures.

182 *ring for thee*] toll thy funeral bell.

183-184] *Here is two . . . four here*] An apparent oversight on Shakespeare's part. Five recruits have been named, and if Falstaff only required four, Shallow was in error in saying that he had summoned *two more* than were needed.

190 *Saint George's field*] This place — in Southwark — was best known as the muster ground of the London soldiery. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 46.

196 *away with*] endure.

be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

SIL. That's fifty five year ago.

SHAL. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

FAL. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow. 210

SHAL. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was "Hem boys!" Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*]

BULL. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 221

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

MOUL. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

212 "*Hem boys!*"] Mum's the word.

215 *corporate*] a blunder for "corporal."

216 *Harry ten shillings*] An anachronism. Ten shilling pieces were first coined by Henry VII, and were continued by Henry VIII. Hence their epithet of "Harry." No such coins were in existence in Henry IV's time.

226 *forty*] *sc.* shillings.

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT III

---

BARD. Go to; stand aside.

FEE. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I 'll ne'er bear a base mind: an 't be my destiny, so; an 't be not, so: no man 's too good to serve 's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next. 232

BARD. Well said; thou 'rt a good fellow.

FEE. Faith, I 'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices*

FAL. Come, sir, which <sup>o</sup>men shall I have?

SHAL. Four of which you please.

BARD. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalf.

FAL. Go to; well.

SHAL. Come, Sir John, which four will you have? 240

FAL. Do you choose for me.

SHAL. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bulcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

FAL. Mouldy and Bulcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bulcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

SHAL. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best. 249

FAL. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature,

---

237 *three pound*] Bardolph had actually received four pounds; he was concealing the full amount from Falstaff.

bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! 'Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here 's Wart; you 'see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off ! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

263

BARD. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

FAL. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith,

252 *big assemblance*] "large make."

254 *charge you and discharge you*] advance and retire. "You " is the ethic dative.

256 *he that gibbets on . . . bucket*] he that hangs (barrels) on the yoke of the brewers' men. "Gibbets" means "hangs"; "bucket" is found in the sense of "beam" or "yoke," on which a barrel may be hung and carried. The reference is to the practice of hauling about barrels of beer by attaching them to chains depending from a beam borne on the shoulders of the brewers' men. The attribution of swiftness to this method of haulage is ironical.

257 *half-faced*] wizened, a face in profile, like that stamped on a coin.

262 *caliver*] light musket.

264 *traverse*] march; a military term.

267 *chapt*] The original reading is *chopt*, which Rowe altered to *chapt* needlessly. "Chopt" is often found in the sense of wrinkled. Cf. *Sonnet* lxii, 10: "Beated and *chopp'd* with tann'd antiquity."

*shot*] shooter, marksman.

Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

269

SHAL. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, — there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would a' say, "bounce" would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

278

FAL. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHAL. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: per-adventure I will with ye to the court.

---

268 *scab*] a disagreeable pun on Wart's name.

*tester*] sixpence.

271 *Mile-end Green*] a parade ground for the citizen soldiery of London.  
*lay*] resided.

272 *Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*] a reference to an Elizabethan archery society, which bore the fantastic title of "The Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights." Each member assumed the name of a personage of Arthurian romance. Sir Dagonet figures in some of the Arthurian stories as a fool at King Arthur's court.

273 *quiver*] quick, nimble.

276 *bounce*] bang.

FAL. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

SHAL. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you. 290

FAL. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake:

289 *at a word*] for talking's sake. Shallow has no intention of going to court. The expression usually means "in a word," or "to come to the point."

293 *fetch off*] get level with, get a rise out of.

298 *Turnbull Street*] Turnmill Street, near Clerkenwell, the haunt of bad characters.

302 *like a forked radish*] Cf. Falstaff's phrase, "I am a bunch of radish," in *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 179.

305 *invisible*] Rowe's emendation of the original reading *invincible*.

306 *mandrake*] a plant, of which the root was deemed to resemble the lower part of the human anatomy.

a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones

307 *in the rearward of*] behind.

308 *overscutched huswives*] wornout strumpets.

309-310 *fancies or good-nights*] Such titles were often bestowed on short lyrics.

310 *this Vice's dagger*] The character called the Vice in the old moralities invariably carried about with him a thin "dagger of lath." See *Tw. Night*, IV, ii, 120-124, and *1 Hen. IV.* II, iv, 130. The Vice was a farcical servant of the devil.

313 *Tilt-yard*] The ground at Westminster where royal tournaments were held.

314 *burst*] broke.

315 *beat his own name*] belaboured a *gaunt* creature; Shakespeare's favourite pun on the name "gaunt." Cf. *Rich. II.*, II, i, 74: "Old *Gaunt* indeed, and *gaunt* in being old."

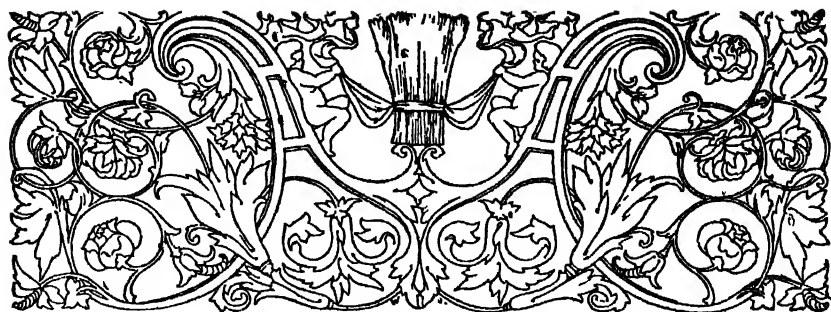
317 *a treble hautboy*] a flute-like instrument playing treble.

320 *a philosopher's two stones*] a jocosely exaggerated and coarse reference to the alchemist's stone, which was assumed to be capable of transmuting base metals into gold.

to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

321-323 *if the young dace . . . snap at him*] Fishermen employed "dace," a very small fish, as bait for catching overgrown pike. Falstaff, rather confusing the metaphor, means that he will play the part of the decoy, and get Justice Shallow into difficulties. In designating the foolish justice an old pike, Shakespeare probably alluded to the armorial bearings of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford-on-Avon, of whom Shallow was an ironic portrait. "Luces," a familiar word for pikes, filled a large place on the heraldic shield of the Lucy family. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, i, 14-20.





## ACT FOURTH — SCENE 1 — YORKSHIRE

### GAULTREE FOREST

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others*

ARCHBISHOP



HAT IS THIS FOREST  
call'd?

HAST. 'Tis Gaultree Forest,  
an 't shall please your grace.

ARCH. Here stand, my lords;  
and send discoverers forth  
To know the numbers of our  
enemies.

HAST. We have sent forth al-  
ready.

ARCH. 'Tis well done.  
My friends and brethren in these  
great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have  
received

New-dated letters from Northumberland;

<sup>2</sup> *Gaultree Forest*] the great forest of Galtres, which once covered 100,000  
acres to the north of the city of York.

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus :  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers 10  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy ; whereupon  
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

MOWB. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch  
ground  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger*

HAST. Now, what news ?

MESS. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy ; 20  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

MOWB. The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on and face them in the field.

ARCH. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

*Enter WESTMORELAND*

MOWB. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

WEST. Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

11 *hold sortance with*] sort with, suit.

13 *ripe*] ripen, mature.

16 *their opposite*] the foe.

23 *The just proportion . . . out*] The very number that we announced.

24 *Let us sway on*] Let us sweep on or advance.

ARCH. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:  
What doth concern your coming?

WEST. Then, my lord, 30

Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanced by boys and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection 40  
With your fair honours. You, lord Archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself  
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;  
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, 50

33 *abject routs*] beggarly mobs.

34 *bloody*] full blooded.

*rags*] The original reading is *rage*: "guarded" means "trimmed,"  
hence "dressed."

36 *commotion*] insurrection; cf. line 93, *infra*.

42 *civil*] well-ordered.

45 *white investments*] white vestures; the ordinary episcopal dress.

50 *Turning your books to graves*] Thus the original reading, which makes

Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

ARCH. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,  
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it; of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.

But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician,

60

Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men;

But rather show a while like fearful war,

To diet rank minds sick of happiness,

And purge the obstructions which begin to stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.

I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth run,

70

---

harsh sense. Modern editors change the word *graves* to *greaves*,  
i. e., leg armour, which was often of leather, like the binding of  
books. If *graves* be retained, the phrase may be explained as  
meaning that books are converted into the paraphernalia of  
death.

52 *point*] signal.

55-79 *And with our surfeiting . . . done us wrong*] This passage is  
omitted from the Quarto.

64 *To diet rank minds*] So as to put on a medicinal regimen, or prescribe  
for minds that are overgorged with happiness.

69 *griefs*] grievances.

And are enforced from our most quiet there  
 By the rough torrent of occasion;  
 And have the summary of all our griefs,  
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,  
 And might by no suit gain our audience:  
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,  
 We are denied access unto his person  
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80  
 Whose memory is written on the earth  
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples  
 Of every minute's instance, present now,  
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,  
 Not to break peace or any branch of it,  
 But to establish here a peace indeed,  
 Concurring both in name and quality.  
 WEST. When ever yet was your appeal denied?  
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you, 90  
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
 Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,  
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

71 *our most quiet there*] our greatest quietness in the stream of time. This is the original reading; *sphere* has been suggested in the place of *there*.

82-83 *examples . . . instance*] examples which every minute presses on our notice.

90 *suborn'd to grate on you*] bribed to harass you.

93 *commotion's bitter edge*] the cruel sword of insurrection. Cf. line 36, *supra*, "*damn'd commotion*." This line is omitted from the Folios, like line 95, "*To . . . cruelty*."

ARCH. My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.

WEST. There is no need of any such redress;  
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWB. Why not to him in part, and to us all  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times,  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours? 100

WEST. O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet for your part, it not appears to me  
Either from the king or in the present time

\*94-96 *My brother . . . particular*] This passage seems corrupt. Some words have probably been accidentally dropped by the printer. Westmoreland's succeeding reply, 97-98, has no very close relevance to the archbishop's words as they stand. The archbishop seems to mean that the injured commonwealth is his brother in a general sense, while the death of his own born brother, Lord Scrope, who had been executed by King Henry (see *1 Hen. IV*, I, iii, 270, *seq.*), was a cruel wrong to his family, and both public and private grounds (but private grounds in particular) impel him to take up arms.

97-98 *There is no need . . . belongs to you*] The archbishop is not called upon to redress the wrongs either of the commonwealth or of his own brother.

103-139 *O, my good Lord Mowbray . . . more than the king*] This passage is omitted from the Quarto.

104 *to their necessities*] according to the exigencies of affairs.

108 *Either from the king . . . time*] Whether the defects of the government are to be imputed to the king or to pressure of circumstance.

That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on: were you not restored 110  
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,  
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

MOWB. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
That need to be revived and breathed in me?  
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,  
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:  
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,  
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, 120  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O, when the king did throw his warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;  
Then threw he down himself and all their lives  
That by indictment and by dint of sword  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

WEST. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know  
not what. 130

110 *a grief*] a grievance; cf. line 69, *supra*.

114 *breathed in me*] invested with new breath or life in me.

116 *force perforce*] of absolute necessity. Cf. IV, iv, 46, *infra*.

120 *Their armed staves . . . down*] Their lances ready for the charge,  
the front pieces of their helmets let down.

121 *sights of steel*] the perforated eyeholes of their helmets.

125 *warder*] staff.

129 *miscarried*] been ruined, perished.

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant gentleman:  
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?  
 But if your father had been victor there,  
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:  
 For all the country in a general voice  
 Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love  
 Were set on Hereford, whom they dot'd on  
 And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.  
 But this is mere digression from my purpose. 140  
 Here come I from our princely general  
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace  
 That he will give you audience; and wherein  
 It shall appear that your demands are just,  
 You shall enjoy them, every thing set off  
 That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWB. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;  
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

WEST. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;  
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear: 150  
 For, lo! within a ken our army lies,  
 Upon mine honour, all too confident

131 *The Earl of Hereford*] Bolingbroke was really *Duke* of Hereford.  
 Cf. *Rich. II*, I, iii, 21.

135 *borne it out of Coventry*] ridden out of, escaped from, Coventry.

139 *indeed*] Theobald's emendation of the original reading *and did*.

145-146 *every thing set off . . . enemies*] everything ignored or set aside  
 that might so much as give cause to make you thought to be  
 enemies.

149 *you overween*] you are arrogant.

151 *within a ken*] within sight.



To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
 Then reason will our hearts should be as good:  
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

MOWB. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WEST. That argues but the shame of your offence: 160  
 A rotten case abides no handling.

HAST. Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
 In very ample virtue of his father,  
 To hear and absolutely to determine  
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WEST. That is intended in the general's name:  
 I muse you make so slight a question.

ARCH. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this  
 schedule,

For this contains our general grievances:  
 Each several article herein redress'd, 170  
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
 That are insinewed to this action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantial form,  
 And present execution of our wills  
 To us and to our purposes confined,

154 *Our battle . . . names*] Our army is richer in men of note.

157 *reason will*] may reason direct, or determine that.

166 *intended . . . name*] implied in his title of general.

172 *insinewed to*] bound to, involved in.

173 *Acquitted . . . form*] Accorded a pardon of legal validity.

175 *to our purposes confined*] limited to, or defined by, our explicit demands. This is the original reading, which hardly seems to

We come within our awful banks again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

WEST. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet;  
And either end in peace, which God so frame! 180  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

ARCH. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*]

MOWB. There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

HAST. Fear you not that: if we can make our  
peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon.  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWB. Yea, but our valuation shall be such  
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190  
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason  
Shall to the king taste of this action;  
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind

\* strengthen the archbishop's position. But no quite satisfactory  
change has been suggested.

176 *awful banks*] limits of due reverence.

179 *battles*] armies. Cf. line 154, *supra*.

181 *place of difference*] point of disagreement.

187 *consist upon*] consist of, or rest upon.

189 *our valuation*] the esteem in which we are held.

191 *nice and wanton reason*] trivial and frivolous affair.

193 *were our royal . . . love*] did our fidelity to the king make us ready  
to die in our affection for his cause.

That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff  
And good from bad find no partition.

ARCH. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is weary  
Of dainty and such picking grievances:  
For he hath found to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200  
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance; for full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion:  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife 210  
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up;  
And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.

HAST. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement:

196 *partition*] separation, mark of distinction.

198 *dainty and such picking*] capricious and such paltry.

201 *wipe his tables clean*] clean the slate; "tables" were tablets of slate or ivory.

203 *history his loss*] record, chronicle his loss.

211 *enraged him on*] driven him (*i. e.*, the husband) on by anger.

213 *hangs resolved correction*] suspends, arrests his resolve to give correction. The purposed stroke is not delivered.

So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

ARCH. 'T is very true:  
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal, 220  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWB. Be it so.  
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND*

WEST. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your  
lordship

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

MOWB. Your grace of York, in God's name, then,  
set forward.

ARCH. Before, and greet his grace: my lord, we come.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II—ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, attended; afterwards, the ARCH-  
BISHOP, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side, PRINCE  
JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND; Officers, and  
others with them*

LAN. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin  
Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

219 *May offer . . . hold*] May offer to strike, but not persist in his purpose.

Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad  
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken  
How deep you were within the books of God?  
To us the speaker in his parliament;  
To us the imagined voice of God himself;  
The very opener and intelligencer 20  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven  
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe  
But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,  
Under the counterfeited zeal of God, 'The subjects of his substitute, my father,  
And both against the peace of heaven and him  
Have here up-swarm'd them.

ARCH.

Good my Lord of Lancaster, 30

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8 *an iron man*] a man in armour.20 *intelligencer*] go-between, conveyer of news.26 *ta'en up*] raised in arms.30 *up-swarm'd*] made them to swarm (like bees).

I am not here against your father's peace;  
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace,  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,  
 The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,  
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
 With grant of our most just and right desires,  
 And true obedience, of this madness cured,  
 Stop tamely to the foot of majesty.

40

MOWB. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
 To the last man.

HAST. And though we here fall down,  
 We have supplies to second our attempt:  
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
 And so success of mischief shall be born,  
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
 Whiles England shall have generation.

33 *in common sense*] owing to the dictates of ordinary reason.

36 *parcels . . . of our grief*] specific details of our grievance.

38-39 *Hydra son of war . . . charm'd asleep*] Hydra was the many-headed monster, challenged by Hercules, which, when one of its heads was cut off, supplied its place by another. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, ix, 70, *seq.* Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, V, iv, 25: "they grow like Hydra's heads." The reference here to the creature's dangerous eyes seems due to a confusion of Hydra with Argus, the hundred-eyed monster, who was "charmed asleep" by Mercury. See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, i, 621, *seq.*

47 *success of mischief*] a continuous succession of disasters.

LAN. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow, 50  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

WEST. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly  
How far forth you do like their articles.

LAN. I, like them all, and do allow them well;  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours: and here between the armies  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCH. I take your princely word for these redresses.

LAN. I give it you, and will maintain my word:  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

HAST. Go, captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part: 70  
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]

ARCH. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

WEST. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what  
pains  
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,

54 *allow*] approve.

61 *Discharge your powers*] According to Holinshed, Westmoreland, not  
Prince John, made this treacherous proposal.

You would drink freely : but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCH. I do not doubt you.

WEST. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

MOWB. You wish me health in very happy season ;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

ARCH. Against ill chances men are ever merry ;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

WEST. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus, "some good thing comes to-morrow."

ARCH. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

MOWB. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.  
[Shouts within.

LAN. The word of peace is render'd : hark, how they  
shout !

MOWB. This had been cheerful after victory.

ARCH. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90  
And neither party loser.

LAN. Go, my lord,  
And let our army be discharged too. [Exit Westmoreland.  
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have coped withal.

82 *heaviness*] sadness, anxiety.

84 *Serves to say*] Has the effect of saying.

93-94 *let our trains March by us*] This is the original reading. The meaning is, "Let the forces on each side march beside us." Capell read *your trains*, on the ground that the prince aimed at inspecting only the strength of the other side. But there is no need of change.



## ACT IV

ARCH.

Go, good Lord Hastings,

And, ere they be 'dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit Hastings.]

LAN. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

*Re-enter* WESTMORELAND

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

WEST. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak. . 100

LAN. They know their duties.

*Re-enter* HASTINGS

HAST. My lord, our army is dispersed already :  
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

WEST. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the  
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:  
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

**MowB.** Is this proceeding just and 'honourable? 110

WEST. Is your assembly so?

ARCH. Will you thus break your faith?

LAN. I pawn'd thee none:

I promised you redress of these same grievances  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray: 120  
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III — ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting*

FAL. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

COLE. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

FAL. Well, then, 'Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLE. Are not you Sir John Falstaff? 10

FAL. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

120 *the scatter'd stray*] the rout, the dispersed force.

11-15 *do observance*] make obeisance.

COLE. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me!

FAL. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and others*

LAN. The heat is past; follow no further now: Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

*[Exit Westmoreland.]*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

FAL. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and

20-21 of any indifferency] of any moderate size.

24 The heat is past] The violence of resentment is over.

yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed 40  
fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame."

LAN. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FAL. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him:  
and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest  
of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a  
particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top  
on 't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I  
be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences  
to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as 50  
much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,  
which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word  
of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert  
mount.

LAN. Thine's too heavy to mount.

FAL. Let it shine, then.

LAN. Thine's too thick to shine.

FAL. Let it do something, my good lord, that may  
do me good, and call it what you will.

LAN. Is thy name Colevile?

60

COLE. It is, my lord.

LAN. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

FAL. And a famous true subject took him.

COLE. I am, my lord, but as my betters are  
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

FAL. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou,

---

41 "*I came, saw, and overcame*" Cf., for this reference to Julius Caesar,  
II, ii, 118, *supra*, and note.

51 *cinders of the element*] stars.

like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND*

LAN. Now, have you left pursuit?

70

WEST. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

LAN. Send Colevile with his confederates

To York, to present execution:

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

*[Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.]*

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:

I hear the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

FAL. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go 80

Through Gloucestershire: and, when you come to court,

Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

LAN. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

*[Exeunt all except Falstaff.]*

FAL. I would you had but the wit: 't were better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any

---

82 *Stand my good lord . . . report]* Be my benefactor in the good account you give of me.

83 *in my condition]* in my position as general, in my official capacity.

89-90 *come to any proof]* give any proof of ability.

proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a

92 *green-sickness*] chlorosis; a malady incident to girls.

95 *sherris-sack*] sherry-wine, sack coming from Xeres. Cf. "sherris," 101, 104, 111, 119, *infra*.

98 *apprehensive* . . . *forgetive*] quick to understand . . . able to forge, imaginative. Cf. *Hen. V*, Act V, *Prolog.* 23: "In the quick *forge* and working house of thought."

108 *inland*] provincial.

devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack. 122

Enter BARDOLPH

How now, Bardolph?

BARD. The army is discharged all and gone.

FAL. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [Exeunt.]

114 *till sack commences it*] The word "commence" was academically used of taking the degree of bachelor of arts, from the Cambridge term "commencement," that is, the ceremony of conferring the degree. Sack is here said to give learning its diploma for active service.

127 *tempering*] in process of fashioning like wax. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 565: "What wax so frozen but dissolves with *tempering*?"

## SCENE IV — WESTMINSTER

## THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER

*Enter the KING, the PRINCES THOMAS of CLARENCE and HUMPHREY of GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others*

KING. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
 To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
 We will our youth lead on to higher fields  
 And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
 Our navy is address'd, our power collected,  
 Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
 And every thing lies level to our wish:  
 Only, we want a little personal strength;  
 And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
 Come undernearth the yoke of government. 10

WAR. Both which we doubt not but your majesty  
 Shall soon enjoy.

KING. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,  
 Where is the prince your brother?

GLOU. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

KING. And how accompanied?

GLOU. I do not know, my lord.

2 *debate*] contention, war, quarrel.

3 *We will . . . to higher fields*] A reference to the crusade, which Henry IV had promised to lead to the Holy Land at the beginning of the reign. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, i, 18-30. The revival of the scheme belongs to Henry IV's dying days.

5 *address'd*] ready, prepared.



KING. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

GLOU. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

CLAR. What would my lord and father ?

KING. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
 How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ? 20  
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;  
 Thou hast a better place in his affection  
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,  
 And noble offices thou mayst effect  
 Of mediation, after I am dead,  
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren :  
 Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love,  
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace  
 By seeming cold or careless of his will ;  
 For he is gracious, if he be observed : 30  
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
 Open as day for melting charity :  
 Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,  
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observed :  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;

27 omit] neglect.

30 observed] treated with attention.

34 humorous as winter] capricious, changeable as the weather of a winter's day.

35 flaws . . . day] sudden gusts of wind, cold as congealed ice, which, blowing up in the sunshine, betoken the approach of spring. Cf. 2 Hen. VI, III, i, 354 : "calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw."

But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion —  
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in —  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

•CLAR. I shall observe him with all care and love.

KING. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,  
 Thomas? 50

CLAR. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

KING. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

CLAR. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

KING. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;  
 And he, the noble image of my youth,  
 Is overspread with them: therefore my grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:  
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days

45 *Mingled with . . . suggestion*] Though their blood be infected by the temptations to which youth is subject.

46 *force perforce*] of absolute necessity. Cf. IV, i, 116, *supra*.

47 *it*] i. e., the "venom of suggestion" of line 45.

48 *aconitum*] aconite, wolf'sbane.

*rash*] explosive.

53 *With Poins*] Nothing further is heard of this character either in this play or its sequels, *Hen. V* and *M. Wives*.

And rotten times that you shall look upon, 60  
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,  
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
 Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

WAR. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
 The prince but studies his companions  
 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,  
 'T is needful that the most immodest word 70  
 Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use  
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
 The prince will in the perfectness of time  
 Cast off his followers; and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

KING. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
 In the dead carrion.

*Enter WESTMORELAND*

Who's here? Westmoreland? 80

WEST. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness

65 *affections*] passions. Cf. V, ii, 124, *infra*.

67 *look beyond him*] overstate his defects.

79-80 'T is seldom . . . carrion] The bee having once located her honey-comb in a carcass is unwilling to desert the honey she stores there. The implication is that the man who once finds pleasure in low company will be unwilling to abandon it.

Added to that that I am to deliver !  
 Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand :  
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all  
 Are brought to the correction of your law ;  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,  
 But Peace puts forth her olive every where.  
 The manner how this action hath been borne  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
 With every course in his particular. 90

KING. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 The lifting up of day.

*Enter HARCOURT*

Look, here's more news.

HAR. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am'come to tell you of !  
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,  
 With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :  
 The manner and true order of the fight, 100  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

90 *in his particular*] in its special details.

92 *haunch*] end.

92-93 *sings The lifting up of day*] foretells in song the lengthening-out of day.

97 *Earl Northumberland*] The defeat and death of Northumberland took place on Bramham Moor on 19 February, 1408. But Shakespeare places the scene in the last days of Henry IV's reign, in 1413. Cf. line 3, *supra*.

KING. And wherefore should these good news make  
me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach and no food;  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news;  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy: 110  
O me! come near me; now I am much ill.

GLOU. Comfort, your majesty!

CLAR. O my royal father!

WEST. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

WAR. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits  
Are with his highness very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

CLAR. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:  
The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,  
So thin that life looks through and will break out. 120

GLOU. The people fear me; for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

119 *wrought the mure*] worn away the wall of flesh.

121 *fear me*] cause me fear or anxiety; alarm me.

122 *Unfather'd heirs*] Elves not begotten of mortal men but miraculously created by divine or demoniac powers. Cf. *M. Wives*, V, v, 37: "orphan heirs."

CLAR. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before  
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

WAR. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

GLOU. This apoplexy will certain be his end. 130

KING. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [Exeunt.

### SCENE V — ANOTHER CHAMBER

[The KING lying on a bed: CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK,  
and others in attendance

KING. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

WAR. Call for the music in the other room.

KING. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

CLAR. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

WAR. Less noise, less noise!

125-128 *The river . . . died*] Holinshed credits the river Thames with three flood tides on 12 October, 1411, a long period before Henry IV's death. No authority is known for Shakespeare's account of a similar portent before the death of Edward III (line 128).

1 *Let there be no noise*] No new scene is indicated here in the Folios. Dyce was the first editor to suggest it. But it is clear from lines 233-235, *infra*, that the king's swoon, which is portrayed at lines 110 *seq.* of the scene just ended, took place in the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster Abbey, and that the royal patient was removed immediately to "some other chamber" (l. 132, *supra*) in the palace at Westminster, where the episode which now follows took place.

2 *dull and favourable hand*] slow, drowsy, and soothing musician's hand.

Enter PRINCE HENRY

PRINCE. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

CLAR. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

PRINCE. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!

How doth the king?

10

GLOU. Exceeding ill.

PRINCE. Heard he the good news yet?  
Tell it him.

GLOU. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

PRINCE. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

WAR. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet prince,  
speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

CLAR. Let us withdraw into the other room.

WAR. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

PRINCE. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. 20

*[Exeunt all except the Prince.]*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet  
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound  
Snore out the watch of night. O majesty!

24 *the ports of slumber*] the gates of slumber, the eyes.

27 *biggen*] nightcap, head-band of coarse cloth.

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, 30  
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath  
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not:  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!  
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,  
 That from this golden rigol hath divorced  
 So many English kings. Thy due from me  
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: 40  
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,  
 Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole  
 strength  
 Into one giant arm,\* it shall not force  
 This lineal honour from me: this from thee  
 Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [Exit.  
 KING. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest*

CLAR. Doth the king call?

WAR. What would your majesty? How fares your  
 grace? 50

31 *with safety*] while it gives protection.

33 *suspire*] breathe lightly.

36 *rigol*] circle; a rare word, only used elsewhere by Shakespeare in *Lucrece*, 1745, "a watery *rigol*." It is derived from the Italian "*rigolo*," i. e., a little wheel (Florio).



# THE SECOND PART OF      ACT IV

KING. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLAR. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me  
see him:

He is not here.

WAR. This door is open; he is gone this way.

GLOU. He came not through the chamber where we  
stay'd.

KING. Where is the crown? who took it from my  
pillow?

WAR. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out. 60  
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

*[Exit Warwick.]*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!  
How quickly nature falls into revolt  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with  
care,

60-65 *The prince hath ta'en . . . you are*] Capell arranges these six\*  
lines thus. Their irregular metre dramatically suggests the king's  
perturbation of mind. The Folios divided the passage into seven  
lines of varied lengths. The Quarto condenses them into five, and  
only differs from the arrangement adopted here by making lines 61  
and 62 (*Is he so . . . my death?*) one line.

64 *This part*] This rôle.

Their bones with industry ; 70  
 For this they have engrossed and piled up  
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;  
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :  
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
 The virtuous sweets,  
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
 We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,  
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father. 80

*Re-enter WARWICK*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
 Till his friend sickness hath determined me ?

WAR. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,  
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

KING. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

---

71 *engrossed*] amassed.

72 *The canker'd . . . gold*] The corrupt stores of gold derived from foreign lands.

80 *Yield . . . [ather]* The accumulations of wealth yield to the dying father.

81-82 *will not stay so long Till . . . determined me*] will not wait until his friendly ally, my illness, has made an end of me.

84 *kindly tears*] tears of natural affection.

*Re-enter* PRINCE HENRY

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry. 90  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

*[Exeunt Warwick and the rest.]*

PRINCE. I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours  
Were thine without offence; and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour? 110  
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

---

103-104 *at my death . . . seal'd up]* in the hour of my death thou  
hast confirmed.

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form:  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd: up, vanity! 120  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
 Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more;  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt,  
 England shall give him office, honour, might; 130  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

129 *gild* . . . *guilt*] a very poor and inappropriate pun, but one to which Shakespeare seems to have been incorrigibly addicted. Cf. *Hen. V*, Act II, *Cho.* 26: "the *gilt* of France . . . O *guilt* indeed," and *Macb.*, II, ii, 56-57, "I'll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their *guilt*."

132 *the wild dog*] unmuzzled license.

136 *thy care*] thy regular business.

PRINCE. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
 The moist impediments unto my speech, 140  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
 And He that wears the crown immortally  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more  
 Than as your honour and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 Which my most inward true and duteous spirit  
 Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.  
 God witness with me, when I here came in, 150  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die,  
 And never live to show the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed!  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,  
 I spake unto this crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;" 160  
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in medicine potable;

141 *dear and deep*] potent and piercing.

147-149 *Let me no more . . . bending*] Let me no more rise from this attitude of obeisance, this outward act of prostration, which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt.

163 *medicine potable*] an allusion to a liquid solution or tincture of gold, which was regarded of great value as a medicine.

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it, as with an enemy  
That had before my face murder'd my father,  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did with the least affection of a welcome  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

170

KING. O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head.  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,

180

190

---

190 *soil*] stain, reproach.

And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears  
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered;  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument: and now my death  
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased, 200  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanced  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displaced: which to avoid,  
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look

196 *supposed*] unreal, imaginary.

*bold fears*] signal dangers (*i. e.*, causes of fear).

197 *answered*] faced.

200 *mode*] position of affairs.

*purchased*] a legal term for acquiring property by one's own act.  
 But the word had often colloquially a bad shade of meaning,  
 hardly differing from "purloin."

202 *successively*] by inheritance, in order of succession.

205 *all my friends*] a needful correction of the original reading *all thy friends*.

210 *I cut them off*] I held them aloof from me.

Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live! 220

PRINCE. My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter LORD JOHN of LANCASTER*

KING. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

LAN. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal  
father!

KING. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son  
John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight 230  
My worldly business makes a period.  
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

PRINCE. My Lord of Warwick!

*Re-enter WARWICK, and others*

KING. Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

---

234 *the lodging*] the apartment.



SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV ACT IV

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WAR. 'T is call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

KING. Laud be to God ! even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :  
But bear me to that chamber ; there I 'll lie ;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

240

*[Exeunt.]*



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — GLOUCESTERSHIRE  
SHALLOW'S HOUSE

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page*

SHALLOW



Y COCK AND PIE, SIR,  
you shall not away to-night.  
What, Davy, I say!

FAL. You must excuse me,  
Master Robert Shallow.

SHAL. I will not excuse you;  
you shall not be excused; ex-  
cuses shall not be admitted;  
there is no excuse shall serve;  
you shall not be excused. Why,  
Davy!

*Enter DAVY*

DAVY. Here, sir.

SHAL. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy;  
let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William

---

1 *By cock and pie*] A popular petty oath : "cock" seems a corruption of God, while "pie" was a name given to the Roman Catholic

cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be 10 excused.

DAVY. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

SHAL. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

DAVY. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

SHAL. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused. 20

DAVY. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

---

ordinal or service-book. The reference was vulgarly understood to be to the birds, the cock and the magpie. "The Cock and Pie" became a common sign for taverns.

9-10 *William cook, bid him*] bid William the cook.

12 *precepts*] writs or summonses, which it was the office of Davy, the justice's factotum, to serve on debtors or witnesses.

13 *the headland*] probably here a field on a high ground, a field on a hill. The headland commonly meant a strip of unploughed or uncultivated land bordering a ploughed field.

15 *red wheat*] wheat which was sown in early autumn, and was known in the country of the Cotswolds as "red lammas wheat." This practice of wheat-sowing appears to have been almost peculiar to the Cotswold country, a district with which Shakespeare gives many signs of familiarity. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, i, 80, and III, ii, 20, *supra*. Cf. also Mr. Justice Madden's Diary of Master William Silence, pp. 89, *seq.*

17 *smith's note*] blacksmith's account or bill.

19 *cast*] added up (and verified).

23 *Hinckley*] a market-town of Warwickshire, northeast of Coventry.

SHAL. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

DAVY. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

SHAL. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

DAVY. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul lincn.

SHAL. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy.

DAVY. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

SHAL. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

DAVY. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; 40 but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years;

25 *A' shall answer it*] He shall be answerable for it.

27 *kickshaws*] fancy dishes, French dishes.

29-30 *a friend i' the court . . . purse*] a proverb of antiquity.

36-37 *William Visor of Woncot . . . hill*] Woncot is still the local pronunciation of Woodmancote, a village in Gloucestershire, where a family of Visor or Vizard has resided from time immemorial, and is still represented. Adjoining the village of Woodmancote is Stinchcombe Hill, known locally as "The Hill," where a family named Perkes is shown by local records to have dwelt for many generations.

and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

SHAL. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look <sup>50</sup> about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

BARD. I am glad to see your worship.

SHAL. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

FAL. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make <sup>60</sup> four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I <sup>70</sup>

45 *bear out*] stand up for, espouse the cause of.

60 *quantities*] fragments, pieces.

62-63 *semblable coherence*] close resemblance or identity.

68 *in consent*] in unison.

70 *near their master*] on intimate terms with their master.

would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is 'certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is, much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache<sup>80</sup> in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

SHAL. [*Within*] Sir John!

FAL. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II — WESTMINSTER

## THE PALACE

*Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, meeting*

WAR. How now, my lord chief justice! whither  
" away?

CH. JUST. How doth the king?

WAR. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

CH. JUST. I hope, not dead.

77-78 [*four terms, or two actions*] four law terms, or the space of time occupied by the various stages of two actions at law.

79-80 a jest . . . brow] a jest told with a serious face.

80-81 a fellow . . . shoulders] a fellow that never felt a touch of age.

82 ill laid up] ill folded, all tumbled.

THE 'SECOND PART OF

ACT V

WAR. He's walked th' way of nature;  
And to our purposes he lives no more.

CH. JUST. I would his majesty had call'd me with  
him:

The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WAR. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

CH. JUST. I know he doth not, and do arm myself<sup>10</sup>  
To welcome the condition of the time,  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER, WESTMORELAND,<sup>11</sup>  
and others*

WAR. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:  
O that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

CH. JUST. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

LAN. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.<sup>20</sup>

GLOU. } Good morrow, cousin.

CLAR. }

LAN. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.<sup>21</sup>

WAR. We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

<sup>14</sup> *heavy issue*] sorrow-stricken sons.

<sup>16</sup> *Of him, the worst*] Of the one who is the worst.

<sup>17</sup> *hold*] keep.

<sup>18</sup> *strike sail to*] give place to.

<sup>23</sup> *our argument*] the theme of our thought.

LAN. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

CH. JUST. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLOU. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;  
And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

LAN. Though no man be assured what grace to find, so  
You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; would 't were otherwise.

CLAR. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff  
fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

CH. JUST. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,  
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

40

WAR. Here comes the prince.

*Enter KING HENRY the fifth, attended*

CH. JUST. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

34 *Which swims . . . quality*] Which goes much against the grain in a man of your character.

38 *A ragged . . . remission*] An ignominious pardon that is preceded by a supplication. The Chief Justice means that he will only accept a free and unsolicited forgiveness for a deed that deserved no condemnation.



Sits not so easy on me as you think.  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:  
This is the English, not the Turkish court;  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you: 50  
Sorrow so royally in you appears  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart: why then, be sad;  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,  
I'll be your father and your brother too;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:  
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;  
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60  
By number into hours of happiness.

PRINCES. We hope no other from your majesty.

KING. You all look strangely on me: and you most;  
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

CH. JUST. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No!

---

48 *Amurath*] A general reference to very recent Turkish history. Amurath, or Mourad III, sixth Sultan of the Turks, on succeeding to the throne of his father, Selim II, in 1574, caused all his brothers to be strangled. Amurath III died on 18 January, 1595-96, only some two or three years before Shakespeare wrote these words, and he was succeeded by his eldest son Mahomet III, who, following his father's example, caused all his brothers to be done to death.

61 *By number*] Tear for tear.

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great indignities you laid upon me?  
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 70  
 The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;  
 The image of his power lay then in me:  
 And, in the administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgement; 80  
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at nought,  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
 To trip the course of law and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person;  
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image  
 And mock your workings in a second body. 90  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father and propose a son,

71 *Was this easy?* ] Was this a slight matter?

86 *awful*] in the ordinary sense of "reverend."

87 *trip . . . law*] defeat the process of justice.

90 *mock . . . body*] treat with scorn acts done in your name by a representative.

92 *propose a son*] imagine that you have a son.

Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And in your power soft silencing your son:  
After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state  
What I have done that misbecame my place, 100  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
That dares do justice on my proper son;  
And not less happy, having such a son, 110  
That would deliver up his greatness so  
Into the hands of justice." You did commit me:  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
The unstained sword that you have used to bear;  
With this remembrance, that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.  
You shall be as a father to my youth:  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,

99 *in your state*] in your royal character.

103 *the balance*] the scales of justice.

109 *my proper son*] my own son.

115 *remembrance*] admonition.

And I will stoop and humble my intents 120  
 To your well-practised wise directions.  
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;  
 My father is gone wild into his grave,  
 For in his tomb lie my affections;  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now: 130  
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament:  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. 140  
 Our coronation done, we will accite,

120 *is gone wild into his grave*] has gone to his grave carrying my wild disposition there with him. Cf. *Hen. V*, I, i, 25-27, where it is said of Henry V, "The breath no sooner left his father's body, But that his *wildness*, mortified in him, seemed to die too."

124 *affections*] a kind of quibbling is implied here; affections meaning not only affectionate love but also "wild passions." Cf. IV, iv, 65, *supra*.

125 *And . . . survive*] And his serious spirit only survives in me.

128 *Rotten opinion*] False, untrustworthy public opinion.

132 *the state of floods*] the majestic dignity of the ocean.

141 *accite*] summon; cf. II, ii, 56, *supra*.

# THE 'SECOND PART OF

ACT V

As I before remember'd, all our state:  
And, God consigning to my good intents,  
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III — GLOUCESTERSHIRE

### • SHALLOW'S ORCHARD

*Enter* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY, BARDOLPH, and  
*the Page*

SHAL. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an  
arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own  
grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth: come,  
cousin Silence: and then to bed.

FAL. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and  
a rich.

SHAL. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars  
all, Sir John: marry, good air. "Spread, Davy;  
spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

FAL. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your 10  
serving-man and your husband.

SHAL. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,  
Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at  
supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:  
come, cousin.

143 *consigning to . . . intents*] conforming with my good intentions.

3 *caraways*] sweetmeats, of which caraway seeds were an important  
ingredient.

9 *well said*] well done.

11 *husband*] Thus the Quarto and the first two Folios. The Third and  
Fourth Folios substitute the more ordinary form *husbandman*.

SIL. Ah, sirrah !\* quoth-a, we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing.*  
And praise God for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty laḏs roam here and there  
So merrily,  
And ever among so merrily.

20

FAL. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence,  
I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHAL. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most  
sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit.  
Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink:  
but you must bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

SHAL. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little 30  
soldier there, be merry.

SIL. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all: [*Singing.*  
For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry.

22 *ever among*] here and there, in and out; an expression of great  
antiquity.

28 *Proface* !] Much good may it do you! An invitation to drink, used  
in much the same way as "Prosit" in Germany. It comes  
through the old French "prouface" or the Italian "profaccia"  
from the Latin "proficiat."

29 *you must bear; the heart's all*] you must excuse the entertainment;  
the good intention is everything.

34 *'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all*] This line often figures as a  
proverb in contemporary literature before the date of this play,  
and seems to have been the burden of a popular song. To "wag  
beards" is "to talk."

# THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

FAL. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

SIL. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

40

*Re-enter DAVY*

DAVY. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.  
[To Bardolph.]

SHAL. Davy!

DAVY. Your worship! I'll be with you straight [to Bardolph]. A cup of wine, sir?

SIL. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [Singing.  
And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.

FAL. Well said, Master Silence.

SIL. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

50

FAL. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

SIL. Fill the cup, and let it come; [Singing.  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

SHAL. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [to the Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

DAVY. I hope to see London once ere I die.

41 *leather-coats*] a name for russet apples.

46 *leman*] sweetheart.

49-50 *the sweet o' the night*] Cf. II, iv, 354, *supra*, "*the sweetest morsel of the night*," and 2 *Hen. VI*, I, iv, 16, "*the silent of the night*."

57 *cavaleros*] blades or bucks.

BARD. An I might see you there, Davy, —

60

SHAL. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

BARD. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

SHAL. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will not out; he is true bred.

BARD. And I'll stick by him, sir. • •

SHAL. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.* 70

FAL. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

SIL.

Do me right,

[*Singing.*

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is 't not so?

63 *pottle-pot*] a pot holding two quarts. •

65 *A' will not out*] He will not shirk, fail; an expression used of well-bred hounds.

71 *done me right*] "To do a man right" was a toper's phrase for drinking his health in a bumper.

72-74 *Do me right . . . Samingo*] A fuller version of this popular song is in Nashe's *Summers Last Will and Testament* (1600); it there begins: "Mounsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass," and it ends, "God Bacchus doe mee right, And dubbe mee knight Domingo." The music of the English song was by Orlando Lassus, who originally wrote it for a French song. "Samingo," which in Shakespeare's text takes the place of Nashe's "Domingo" (i. e., St. Dominic, a reputed patron-saint of topers), is apparently a corruption of San Domingo. Seeing, however, that the song celebrates the potations of "Mounsieur Mingo" and invites the honour of knighthood, "Sir Mingo" might well be substituted here for "Samingo."



# THE SECOND PART OF

ACT V

FAL. 'T is so.

SIL. Is 't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY*

DAVY. An 't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news. 80

FAL. From the court! let him come in.

*Enter PISTOL*

How now, Pistol!

PIST. Sir John, God save you!

FAL. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

PIST. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

SIL. By 'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

PIST. Puff! 90

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys

And golden times and happy news of price.

FAL. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PIST. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

88-89 *but goodman Puff of Barson*] excepting, or save, goodman Puff of Barston (the name of a village in Warwickshire).

98 *A foutre*] A coarse expression of scorn. Cf. line 114, *infra*.

FAL. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? 100  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

SIL. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Singing.

PIST. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

SHAL. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

PIST. Why then, lament therefore.

SHAL. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with  
news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,  
either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir,  
under the king, in some authority. 111

PIST. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

SHAL. Under King Harry.

PIST. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

SHAL. Harry the fourth.

101 *King Cophetua*] An allusion to the familiar ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar maid." See *L. L.*, IV, i, 64, and *Rich.* II, V, iii, 80.

102 *And Robin Hood . . . John*] a scrap from the ballad of "Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield."

103 *the Helicons*] the Muses. A characteristically slovenly allusion to the mountain which, according to Greek mythology, was the special haunt of the Muses. Pistol bombastically claims the honour due to a servant of the Muses.

104 *baffled*] treated with ignominy.

105 *Furies*] Cf. V, v, 37, *infra*, and note.

106 *I know not your breeding*] I don't understand your bringing up. I cannot make out the sort of man you are.

112 *Besonian*] A cant term for beggar. See note on 2 *Hen.* VI, IV, i, 134.

PIST. A foutre for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like  
The bragging Spaniard.

FAL. What, is the old king dead?

PIST. As nail in door: the things I speak are just. 120

FAL. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master  
Robert Shallow, chioose what office thou wilt in the  
land, 't is thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with  
dignities.

BARD. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PIST. What! I do bring good news.

FAL. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow,  
my Lord Shallow, — be what thou wilt; I am fortune's  
steward — get on thy boots: we'll ride all night. O  
sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pis-  
tol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to  
do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know  
the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's  
horses; the laws of England are at my commandment.  
Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe  
to my lord chief justice! 137

PIST. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

114 A *foutre*] Cf. line 98, *supra*.

117-118 *fig me, like . . . Spaniard*] "To fig" was to use an insulting  
gesture, by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger.  
It was reckoned of Spanish origin.

120 *As nail in door*] As dead as a door-nail.

133 *Boot, boot*] On with your boots!

"Where is the life that late I led?", say they:  
Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV—LONDON

## A STREET

*Enter Beadles, dragging in* HOSTESS *QUICKLY and*  
DOLL TEARSHEET.

HOST. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

FIRST BEAD. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

DOL. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-wisaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain. 10

HOST. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he

139 *Where is the life . . . led*] This song is quoted by Petruchio in *T. of Shrew*, IV, i, 124.

(stage direction) *Enter Beadles*]. Thus the Folios with very slight variation. The Quarto reads: "Enter Sinklo and three or foure officers." Sinklo, the name of the actor who played the First Beadle, found its way into the theatrical copy of the piece from which the Quarto was printed. The same actor is similarly mentioned in *T. of Shrew*, *Induction*.

5 *whipping-cheer*] whipping fare, plenty of whipping.

8 *nut-hook*] a cant name for a bailiff or constable. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, i, 151.

# THE SECOND PART OF      ACT V

would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

FIRST BEAD. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

DOL. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, — you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

FIRST BEAD. Come, come, you she knight-errant,  
come.

HOST. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

DOL. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOST. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

DOL. Goodman death, goodman bones!

HOST. Thou atomy, thou!

DOL. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal. 30

FIRST BEAD. Very well. [Exeunt.]

- 19 *you thin man in a censer*] A censer or fire pan for burning perfumes usually had a small figure of a man embossed on the pierced cover.  
 20-21 *blue-bottle rogue*] a reference to the blue uniform of beadles.  
 22 *half-kirtles*] short petticoats or aprons.  
 25 *of sufferance comes ease*] after suffering comes quiet.  
 29 *atomy*] anatomy, skeleton.

## SCENE V—A PUBLIC PLACE NEAR WESTMINSTER ABBEY

*Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes*

FIRST GROOM. More rushes, more rushes.

SEC. GROOM. The trumpets have sounded twice.

FIRST GROOM. 'T will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page*

FAL. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PIST. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

FAL. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I 10 had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 't is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. It shows my earnestness of affection, —

SHAL. It doth so.

FAL. My devotion, —

SHAL. It doth, it doth, it doth.

---

1 *More rushes*] Rushes were invariably strewn on ceremonial occasions both on the floors of houses and about the streets.

15, 17, 19 *It doth so . . . it doth*] These three remarks are assigned in the Quarto to Pistol. The Folio transfers the first only to Shallow. But it is clear that all belong to him.

# THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

FAL. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, —

SHAL. It is best, certain.

FAL. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PIST. 'Tis "semper idem," for "obsque hoc nihil est:" 't is all in every part.

SHAL. 'T is so, indeed.

30

PIST. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison;  
Haled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:  
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,  
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

FAL. I will deliver her.

*[Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.]*

---

28 "semper idem" . . . "obsque hoc nihil est"] always the same . . . without this there is nothing.

29 't is all in every part] a free rendering of an old English proverb, "All in all, and all in every part," signifying complete identity.

37 Rouse up revenge] A parody of the ghost's reiterated cry in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, III, xv, 7, 9, 12, 16, 28, "Awake revenge."

Alecto's snake] Alecto was one of the three Furies, who is described as crowned with snakes in Virgil's *Aeneid*, vii, 346. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, II, v, 40: "like a Fury crown'd with snakes." Pistol has already mentioned the Furies' lap, V, iii, 105, *supra*.

38 Doll is in] sc. gaol.

PIST. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

40

*Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them*

FAL. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

PIST. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal  
imp of fame!

FAL. God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

CH. JUST. Have you your wits? know you what 't is  
you speak?

FAL. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

50

So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;

But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was;

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

60

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

43 *imp*] scion.

45 *vain man*] foolish man.



# THE SECOND PART OF

ACT V

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
 For competence of life I will allow you,  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will, according to your strengths and qualities, 70  
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,  
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on.

[*Exeunt King, &c.*]

FAL. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHAL. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to  
 let me have home with me.

FAL. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not  
 you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to  
 him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear  
 not your advancements; I will be the man yet that 80  
 shall make you great.

SHAL. I cannot well perceive how unless you should  
 give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I  
 beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of  
 my thousand.

FAL. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that  
 you heard was but a colour.

SHAL. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

FAL. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner: come,  
 Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall be sent for 90  
 soon at night.

87 *but a colour*] only a pretext, blind, make-believe.

89 *Fear no colours*] Fear nothing: a proverbial expression. Cf. *Tw.*

*Night*, I, v, 9.

91 *soon at night*] as soon as it is night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE;  
Officers with them*

CH. JUST. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:  
Take all his company along with him.

FAL. My lord, my lord, —

CH. JUST. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.  
Take them away.

PIST. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

*[Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.]*

LAN. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:  
He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall be all very well provided for; 100  
But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

CH. JUST. And so they are.

LAN. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

CH. JUST. He hath.

LAN. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France; I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.  
Come, will you hence? *[Exeunt.]* 110

92 *the Fleet*] one of the chief prisons in the centre of London.

97 *Si fortuna . . . contenta*] Falstaff has already quoted this Italian proverb. See II, iv, 171, *supra*, and note.

101 *conversations*] manners, modes of life.

108 *I heard a bird so sing*] a familiar reference to the proverbially prophetic powers of the "little bird."

## EPILOGUE

*Spoken by a Dancer*

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, 'to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; <sup>10</sup> which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: <sup>20</sup>

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(stage direction) *Spoken by a Dancer*] These words were added by Pope.  
<sup>6</sup> *I doubt*] I fear.

<sup>12</sup> *I break*] I become bankrupt.

<sup>15</sup> *infinitely*] The Quarto here inserts the words, *and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene*, which the Folio places at the end of the epilogue.

if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; 30 when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

25-26 *our humble author . . . with Sir John in it*] This promise was not fulfilled in the sequel to this play, *Henry V*, from which Falstaff is excluded. But Falstaff plays an important part in *M. Wives*, though hardly one that accords with the expressions used in this place.

28 *Falstaff shall die of a sweat*] an allusion either to the sweating sickness or to venereal disease. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, I, ii, 79, and III, ii, 53.

29-30 *Oldcastle died a martyr . . . man*] In his first draft of the piece Shakespeare bestowed on his fat humourist the name of Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard leader, who was executed in 1417. In deference to protests, Shakespeare changed the name before the piece was printed to Falstaff, and here, somewhat lightly, calls attention to the alteration. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 40; and I, ii, 114, and III, ii, 24-25, *supra*, and notes.

32-33 *pray for the queen*] It was the custom on the Elizabethan stage for the actors at the end of a performance to kneel down and recite a prayer for the queen.













